HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—NO. 179.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

WE publish herewith portraits of the two Japanese embassadors, Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami, and Mooragáki Awajsi no-Kami. They are the chiefs of the embassy now at Washington, and have just concluded the ratification of our treaty with Japan.

We are, of course, unable to give any biographical sketch of these distinguished persons. They are both members of the Council of Six, who are understood to administer the Government of Japan, and to hold a rank corresponding to that of Prince in Europe. We glean from the daily papers some gossip about their movements at Washington.

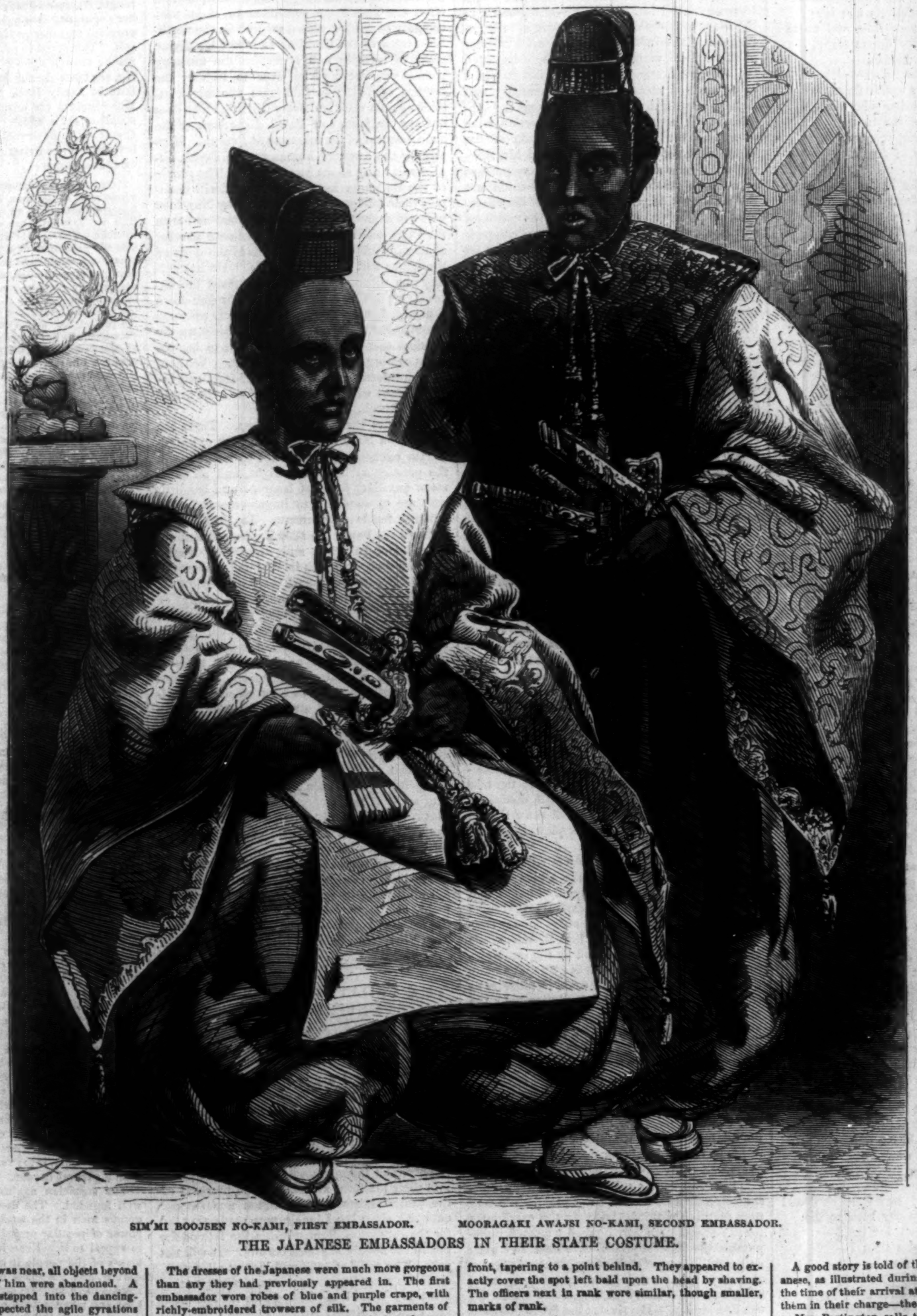
Speaking of the ball at General Cass's, at which they were present, the *Tribune* correspondent writes:

AT A BALL.

The party visiting the Secretary of State was composed of three Princes, and the five officers next in rank, and the two interpreters. For nearly an hour these ten gentlemen sustained unflinchingly the unaverted gaze of as many scores of people as could draw near to them. Their self-possession then, as it always is, was marvelous. The haughtiest stare, with intensest eye-glass concentration, could neither move them to embarrassment nor rouse them to the least defiant glance in return. Directly personal remarks—not always uttered, I am afraid, in the best taste, and sometimes unworthy the fair lips whence they proceeded—were listened to by those who perfectly understood them with no sign of discomposure, except perhaps a slight compression of the mouth, showing that insensibility was no cause of their immovable calmness. Toward 11 o'clock the embassadors rose, and were again led through the apartments, pausing before a refection table, the details of which no interpreter was needed to explain to them. The number of guests had now greatly increased. There were present the members of the Cabinet, the Vice-President and Speaker Pennington, a few members of Congress, many officers of the army and navy, and a very full representation of foreign legations. The number of ladies seemed greater than of gentlemen. The least unwary step ingulfed one in surging waves of muslin, silk, and those other kindred dangers which evade precise designation. Mrs. Douglas, Miss Lane, Mrs. Gwin, and Mrs. Slidell were the various central orbs, alluring to themselves countless satellites, seeking from them reflections of fashionable warmth and social light. On their way along the drawing-rooms the Japanese caught sight of Commodore Tatnall, who brought them in the *Powhatan* from Japan to Panama, and whom they instantly surrounded with every grateful expression of welcome. For the few minutes that Commodore Tatnall was near, all objects beyond testifying their recognition of him were abandoned. A little later, the embassadors stepped into the dancing-room, where they gravely inspected the agile gyrations of fair women and brave men with an air of curious interest and occasional deep concern, as if anxious as to the results of a saltatory process so much at variance with their own theories on the same subject. After a few more introductions the embassadors, at 11½ o'clock, took leave and returned home.

THEIR COSTUME.

Our picture represents the Japanese in the costume in which they appeared at the official audience. The same writer thus describes it:



SIM'MI BOOJSEN NO-KAMI, FIRST EMBASSADOR. MOORAGAKI AWAJSI NO-KAMI, SECOND EMBASSADOR.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS IN THEIR STATE COSTUME.

The dresses of the Japanese were much more gorgeous than any they had previously appeared in. The first embassador wore robes of blue and purple crape, with richly-embroidered trowsers of silk. The garments of the second and third were of different shades of green, crape and silk, all very curiously wrought. The secondary officers and interpreters were more simply attired. All had, by means of some artificial contrivance, an unusual expanse of shoulder, which gave them an air of rotundity they do not at ordinary times possess. The highest dignitaries had peculiar head-dresses, shaped like hollow boxes, and set upon the top of the head, where they were confined by long cords reaching down the sides of the face, and passing under the chin. These head-dresses were black, about five inches high and six long. They were not cubical, but were broad at the front, tapering to a point behind. They appeared to exactly cover the spot left bald upon the head by shaving. The officers next in rank wore similar, though smaller, marks of rank.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPINION OF THEM.

The President had a conversation with a letter-writer about them:

Alluding to the Japanese, he said, "They never speak to me without calling me Emperor and his Majesty, and are the most particular people about what they should do. Every thing was written down for them, stating the course they were to take, the number of bows they were to make, and all that, before they left Japan. They can't understand me at all. You know they were here in front to hear the band on Saturday. Well, I went down the steps to speak to some of my friends that I saw, and they couldn't understand that at all. To think that I—Emperor of the United States—should go down among and shake hands with the people, astonished them wonderfully. Oh! no, they couldn't understand that at all, so unlike any thing in their country." "How long, Sir, do you think they'll remain in this country?" "Well, I couldn't tell you; they are the queerest people to deal with possible: there's no getting any thing out of them, they're so close about every thing. Maybe they'll remain the hundred days, or perhaps only the sixty. At any rate, they'll have to wait till the *Niagara* reaches Panama, and she has to go round the Cape the worst season of the year, so that it will take her three months. Ah, these Japanese," he continued, "they're the most curious people I ever saw. They take notes of every thing. They've got down a long description of how I looked when they had the reception, and every thing they've seen—nothing escapes them. They're always sketching and taking notes of things. They're very proud, too, I can see; they bow very low, but they won't do more than is prescribed for them in their instructions."

THEIR GALLANTRY.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

I omitted to mention in my last letter referring to the visit of the embassadors and suite to the President's grounds on Saturday, that Miss Lane, the President's niece, on that occasion was evidently curious to examine the blade of O'goori Bungo-no-Kami's sword.—For the information of those who may not recognize this gentleman by name, I will state his office to be that of censor or special supervisor to the embassy, and the third highest in rank. O goori Bungo-no-Kami no sooner comprehended the desire of the lady to unsheath his catanna—such is the name of the larger weapon of the two—than he smiled most graciously, and said in Japanese, "Take it, my lady," at the same time handing it to her most gracefully. She, upon this, drew the glittering blade from its scabbard (half wood, half leather, with an inlaying of silver), and eyed it woman-like and closely, and then returning it to its sheath, handed it back to its owner, who took it with evident pleasure that the thing of his honor and defense should have excited interest on the part of one so fair.

THEIR RESERVE.

The *Times* correspondent says:

A good story is told of the peculiar reserve of the Japanese, as illustrated during the recent passage. Up to the time of their arrival at Norfolk, the officers who had them in their charge—the "armory and knavery men," as Mrs. Partington calls them—had been unable to determine their precise rank. It was impossible to determine from their papers whether they were Envoys or Ministers. This vexed question remained unsettled until the arrival of Mr. Ledyard, the agent of the Secretary of State, when, lo! the embassadors astonished every body by producing a beautifully-written English copy of the letter from the Emperor giving them full powers as embassadors.

THE PRESENTS.

The Japanese Embassy has brought several presents of a valuable character to the President of the United States. There were brought to Washington fifteen large boxes, all well filled. Among the presents is the most magnificent and costly tea-set ever made. It is of Japan ware, and delicately inlaid with pearls and fine gold. It cost $3000. The other presents are said to be superior silk goods, and other articles for which the country is famous. All the articles are unequaled for beauty, cost, and exquisite workmanship.

THE OLDEST PAUPER ON THE TOWN.

And so old Betsey Green is dead!
The oldest pauper on the town;
She who has eaten public bread—
Bread of the most unchanging brown—
For six-and-thirty years.

Old Betsey Green is under sod,
Mixed in with loads of human clay;
No surpliced priest appealed to God,
And challenged in the light of day
A waiting crowd to tears.

They wrapped her lifeless, withered form
In the scant sheet whereon she lay;
And while her limbs were lithe and warm
They bore poor Betsey Green away,
Lest she recover breath.

They nailed the county coffin down,
With many jokes on her who died;
And one old pauper on the town,
And only one old pauper cried,
From selfish fear of death.

A gravel-wagon bore the load,
Unwashed, unswept from mud and mire;
The driver jolting o'er the road,
Lest for the pittance of his hire
He gave it too much ride.

And then the three-foot pauper grave—
Unwilling digged by pauper hands—
Where one—half idiot, half knave—
With whitened hair, in waiting stands
For Betsey Green who died.

He shovels in the frozen clods,
He chuckles as they rattle down,
And to himself he laughs and nods—
This oldest pauper on the town,
Since Betsey Green is dead.

"I can remember well," he croaks,
"That she was fair as any queen;
And well to do were all the folks
Who were of kin with Betsey Green
The day that she was wed.

"For all the maids in miles about
Had set their caps at Robert Green—
The comeliest lad, without a doubt,
The country side had ever seen—
And she the greatest catch.

"And Betsey, she had babes as fair
As though she'd chosen gifts for each,
They had their mother's eyes and hair,
And Robert's wheedling, treacherous speech:
The selfish, greedy wretch!

"He spent the gold her father gave;
He mortgaged all her broad farm lands;
She toiled and watched, to earn and save;
He never soiled his dainty hands,
Or browned his handsome face.

"'Twas well for her, the neighbors said,
When, on one cold, December day,
They found him, in a snow-wreathed bed,
Upon the ice-bound public way,
Fast locked in Death's embrace.

"For Robert loved the liquor can
Too well to save his face or life:
The bloated semblance of a man
Was all they brought the stricken wife
From where he late had lain.

"Year after year, by day and night,
Her hands and head were never still.
Her girls were fair, her boys were bright—
Not one of all the six did ill,
In wedding or in gain.

"Still Betsey could not keep away
The spectre who will never wait;
And so, one stern and bitter day,
She stood before the work-house gate,
To beg for pauper fare.

"Time flies! time flies! and Betsey's dead!
And then, next comes my turn to die.
A hundred years were on her head—
Ten years the elder she than I—
How soon shall I be there?"

Again he stamped the frozen ground,
With feeble step and vacant stare;
Cast one long, idle look around,
And left old Betsey lying there,
To wait her God and crown.

Ah, well! poor Betsey's pauper blood
Runs proudly through some purple veins;
No base suspicion taints its flood,
Of this, the worst of earthly stains—
A pauper on the town!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 2, 1860.

THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

THE action of the Republican Convention at Chicago, in passing over Mr. Seward and choosing Mr. Lincoln as its standard-bearer for the ensuing campaign, is the subject of much comment and some controversy in the papers. On one side we hear that Mr. Seward was dropped because he could not carry Pennsylvania. Again, we are told that Mr. Seward was killed by Mr. Horace Greeley, who had conceived a bitter hostility to his former chief on account of certain alleged slights, and notably because Mr. Seward declined to further certain alleged ambitious projects of Mr. Greeley. A third authority affirms that Mr. Seward was passed over on account of the corruptions of the last Legislature at Albany, which was controlled by parties who, it was believed, would likewise control Mr. Seward's administration in the event of his election. A fourth opinion is, that the ultra confident and dictatorial manner of the Seward managers at Chicago disgusted the Western delegates, who were not prepared to be ordered about by their colleagues; and that when open threats of withdrawing the supplies in the event of Seward's rejection were uttered in the Convention, the pride of the West could not brook the insult, and Mr. Seward's fate was sealed. Finally, many persons seem to think that the Convention could not resist the outside pressure in favor of the champion of Illinois; on the very day the platform was adopted the strength of the rival competitors was tested by a trial of lungs, and the Lincoln men (being backed by the spectators and outsiders) shouted so much longer and louder than the Seward men that the weak members at once discovered that Lincoln was the favorite, and made haste to rally to his support.

Among these reasons for the rejection of the natural head of the Republican party, two will at once strike the reader as being plausible. There seems to be no doubt that the influence of Mr. Greeley was, from first to last, actively employed against Mr. Seward. That such an opponent, with such power, prestige, and skill, must, in such a Convention, have been extremely formidable, can not be questioned. The New York *Tribune* has been the creator of the Republican party, and is still its great central organ and censor. In respect to actual influence over the political opinions of the members of the Republican party, Mr. Greeley's power is, doubtless, even greater than Mr. Seward's. When that influence was brought to bear, earnestly and systematically, against the man who has been considered Mr. Greeley's best friend and patron, it must have been almost irresistible, and we need hardly seek any deeper for the cause of Mr. Seward's rejection. How Mr. Greeley came to turn upon his old friend is a matter which is now being pretty briskly ventilated, and the public will probably know the whole truth before long. Hitherto Mr. Greeley has been generally considered by his friends an ardent and conscientious man, who rose above petty considerations of personal spite and personal aggrandizement; the true story of his desertion of Seward will, doubtless, confirm this impression, and will show that in his action at Chicago he rather played the part of Brutus than that of Judas.

The recent corrupt legislation at Albany must have had great weight with the Chicago Convention. That votes were openly bought and sold last winter at the State capital; that some measures were passed by the aid of money freely paid to members or their best friends, while other measures were defeated by the same corrupt means, is notorious. It is true that among the corrupt members there were Democrats as well as Republicans; but the latter held the majority in both Houses, and are therefore responsible for their acts. Had the Republicans been honest, no corruption on the part of Democrats could have done mischief. Furthermore, it is in evidence that the most active agents of last winter's corruption at Albany were also the most active friends of Mr. Seward at Chicago, and would presumably have been his most influential friends at Washington, in the event of his election. This consideration must have prevented many from giving him their support.

These two causes appear to be primarily responsible for Mr. Seward's rejection. We may now mention a third. Among the candidates for the nomination Mr. Seward occupied indisputably the highest place. He towered a head and shoulders above all competitors—in experience, in statesmanship, in authority, in influence, in every quality which can fit a man for the Presidency. His rivals were fairly balanced among themselves; he stood alone. None of the minor candidates appeared formidable enough to alarm the others; but all were against Seward. Their obscurity protected them from hostile combinations; his eminence provoked them. It is the old story—our American ostracism—which killed Webster, and has now deprived Seward of the nomination.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Garibaldi, the soap-boiler of Staten Island, is evidently going to be the Washington of Italian independence. Monarchical policy has prevented our knowing exactly what part was his in the emancipation of Lombardy, Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagna; we may rest assured that his iron will and noble disinterestedness had not a little to do with the unanimity and lofty patriotism which have induced the citizens of these various Italian States to unite under one Government—and that a monarchy. And now we hear of him where the last battle must be fought—in the dominions of the King of the Two Sicilies. He left Genoa with 2200 men, in three steamers, on 5th May; touched at a friendly port in Tuscany; and before these lines are read our readers will probably be acquainted with the circumstances of his landing in Sicily.

There are now in Italy only two powers which resist the progressive tendency of the age and the cause of Italian unity—these are Rome and Naples. The Pope continues to claim sovereignty over his revolted subjects in the northern States of the Church; to assert his divine right to trample and tyrannize the unhappy people who were given over to him by the treaties of 1815; to fulminate excommunications against each and every Christian who does not see the justice of Papal despotism, or the righteousness of the massacre at Perugia. Happily for the cause of humanity, the Pope's disease will bring about its own cure. The people of the Romagna have asserted and will maintain their independence. By-and-by Napoleon will withdraw his troops from Rome, and then the Pope will have to choose between another abdication and such concessions to the spirit of the age as will satisfy his people. He has neither the means nor the men to resist the impending popular outbreak. The broken-down janizary, Lamoricière, who has lately assumed command of his forces, will soon throw up the fruitless task in despair, and retire to his obvious resting-place—a monastery. Without foreign interference, the cause of Italy and independence will take care of itself in the States of the Church.

In Naples the case is different. There the King has a large and disciplined army, an adequate exchequer, a navy not to be despised, the prestige of hereditary right, and an enormous auxiliary force of lazaroni and banditti, who are opposed to any improvements in the existing feeble government. In 1849 Naples restored the Pope. In 1850 Naples crushed out liberalism. In 1851, and afterward, Naples filled its dungeons with its best and noblest citizens. Naples—we speak of the kingdom of that name—is the native country of wrongs of all kinds; of highway robbers, mutinous mobs, starving peasantry, dissolute morals, gaping dungeons, hideous tortures, a spiritless *bourgeoisie*, a debauched aristocracy, a socialist *proletariat*, a military despotism, one-sided laws, venal tribunals, corrupt officials, a universal prostration of all that is noble, and a general upheaval of all that is base in humanity. Still Naples is, alone, nearly half of Italy; and if Italy is to be free and independent, Naples must admit the necessity of freedom and independence. Hence Naples is now the natural scene of the irrepressible conflict. In Naples it must be fought out. Hence it is that we hear of the great champion of Italian liberty setting sail for Sicily.

Time will reveal the result of his expedition; but no one can follow its progress without heartfelt prayers for its success. The defeat of Garibaldi at the present time would be a blow to the cause of popular liberty throughout Europe. May Providence befriend him!

THE FLOATING DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who appear to be the ruling spirits of the House of Representatives at Washington, have framed a new tariff bill, increasing the duties in a protective direction, and providing that the present Treasury Notes shall be funded by the issue of a new Federal stock having twenty years to run. It is not likely that the bill will become a law. Before the Republicans incorporated the protective plank into their platform at Chicago the prospect of the protectionists at Washington was slender enough; since the Lincoln men made that bid for the support of Pennsylvania the fate of the bill in the Senate has been certain. It will not pass. The tariff of 1857 will last, at all events, until the next Congress meets. The question remains—What is to be done with the outstanding Treasury Notes?

Some parties want to have them funded. If they were, recent experience proves that the United States would not get over a premium of one to two per cent. for five per cents.; and should business and railroad building again become active they would not get as much as this. If, afterward, the progress of the country proved as rapid as it was before the crisis, the tariff of 1857 would, in 1863 and 1864, provide a surplus of several millions beyond the wants of Government; and, as was the case under Mr. Pierce, the Treasury Department would be witnessed buying in its bonds before their maturity, at 15 @ 20 per cent. premium.

If, on the other hand, the Treasury Notes be simply extended—as has been the case for a couple of years—in the event of an increase of income from duties they might be retired, without any losses in the shape of premiums. We are inclined to think that when the Senate rejects the House tariff bill this alternative will be adopted as the most satisfactory under the circumstances.

THE STEAMSHIP "ADRIATIC."

Now that the summer hegira to Europe has commenced, we take pleasure in drawing attention to the magnificent steamship *Adriatic*, which is plying between New York and Southampton. She is, as most of our readers will remember, the last of the Collins line, and must have cost over a million dollars. As to size, she is the largest passenger steamer afloat; and thus, notwithstanding her popularity, her passengers are not likely to be crowded together as they are in some smaller vessels. Her speed is proved by the last passage she made; though she was delayed several hours by a fog, she made the run from the Needles to the Light Ship at Sandy Hook in 9 days and 17 minutes. Her comforts are unsurpassed; she is one of the steadiest ships afloat. Her commander, Captain Comstock, is deservedly popular. A passenger on her last voyage writes concerning her performance on that occasion:

> "On leaving Southampton we encountered strong head-winds most of the time, and all of the time high and boisterous seas, until we reached Cape Race, since which time we have had but about thirty-four hours good weather. The weather was so exceedingly disagreeable that the passengers from the first relinquished all hope of even a decently short passage. But after three or four days' running through these high seas, she was pronounced, by common consent of several old travelers, much the fleetest ship that they had ever seen in bad weather. I am satisfied that, to those acquainted with the subject, and also with the difficulties that she encountered, she has presented by her run evidence of the highest power, speed, and triumph over the roughest seas yet known in marine navigation. She has in this way honored herself more than if she had made an eight day and twenty-hour passage.
>
> "I have no particular favorites among steamers or steam lines; but when the *Fulton* makes a passage in ten days and a fraction on fifty-five tons of coal per day—when the *Vanderbilt*, about 800 tons less than the *Adriatic*, beats the *Persia*, with the whole engineering skill and capital of England into the bargain, trip by trip, both ways—and when the *Adriatic*, at her first trip, before her engines are smooth or her boxes rubbed down to a seemly bearing, makes a boisterous passage in nine days and seventeen and a half hours, or, as she did yesterday, with twenty-two pounds of steam and fifteen revolutions, 360 miles on 110 tons of coal, I feel proud of the triumphs of my countrymen over haughty Britannia, and of the prospect of this new ship beating the *Persia* twenty or twenty-four hours before the summer is over."

We gave a magnificent engraving of the *Adriatic* in No. 39 of this *Weekly*, published September 26, 1857.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PEOPLE POWER.

Even a Lounger can not but observe the universal political excitement. It reaches the same intensity every four years, and often enough makes wise and timid men shake their heads and wonder if our institutions can bear such a strain. But such men forget that the appeal to the people is the secret of our security, or else we are all wrong. It is jealousy of permanent irresponsible governments which inspires our whole system; and as Antæus constantly strengthened himself by touching the earth, so our government must purify itself by a periodical appeal to the people.

Every thing depends upon the character and instincts of the people, and their ability to resist the plausible falsehoods of politicians. For the instincts of great masses of people are generally just and generous. No man used to public speaking but has found that, in addressing an unprejudiced audience, their sympathy is quite sure to be upon the right side. It is only when they have been taught by representations of interest or selfishness that they cry down the right. Mobs are generally, if not always, incited by intelligent but unscrupulous men, who use the crowd as tools to do what they themselves would not dare to do. And hence so often if a speaker, who is both sincere and eloquent, can only gain the ear of a mob he can usually control them, by a direct appeal to their sense of justice. The leaders know this, and their first effort, therefore, is to overwhelm the speaker's voice with a general uproar.

The suspicion against politicians is therefore well founded. The demagogue is the most dangerous man in the world; because he knows the power of popular prejudice, and does not hesitate to appeal to it. Even in what are called governments of the people it is always a few who really govern, and the mass merely follow. For intellectual force and the sway of genius are irresistible; and when a philosopher says that the many are wiser than the few, he can only mean that, as the instincts of men are generally just, the judgment of many is less likely to be governed by a special selfish interest than that of a few. To say that the many, as a body, have a peculiar wisdom, is not true. For upon any possible point of positive human knowledge the few are always wiser than the crowd.

Thus it happens that the more we appeal to the people the more surely the exclusive control of the government is taken out of the hands of professional politicians. It has a chance of inoculation of a fresh energy. If it have been wisely administered—that is, for the utmost general benefit—the general voice will confirm it, and the confirmation will have peculiar force from the fact of that appeal. If the true interest of the many have been disregarded, and they perceive it, they will effect a change. But it is possible for the adroit politician to conceal or obscure this fact, or so to inflame passion that the fact is overlooked; then the government, whatever it may be, will continue. But no people, instructed as we are, and with no army to be used by any party for its purposes, can be always blinded; so that, however hot the debate may be, we may confidently repose upon the popular verdict.

We are evidently to have a lively summer—much music, and of many kinds. But no man who has a profound conviction of the justice and general wisdom of our system will be seriously troubled. There is but one thing that ought to create apprehension wherever it exists, and that is, the conviction that the people are generally corruptible or corrupted. Whoever believes that ought to tremble, for that is the end of our political life and mission.

PICKING PUBLIC FLOWERS.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—As you seem to be a kind of general censor and critic, and as many things which are said to you are heard by those they are meant for, without any risk of betraying who it is that says them, I want to call your attention to a nuisance which ought to be corrected. I refer to picking the flowers in the Central Park.

Last Sunday there were several arrests made for this offense, and a great many offenders went unwhipped. I saw one party, in which were two or three children, who plucked as many flowers as they chose. In vain their parents were reminded of the law and of the fine. "It's only the children!" they said, as if that made any difference. What right had the children of that woman in the frightful green bonnet with yellow bows and red roses to pick the flowers that belong to every body and not to any one person? It is the most meanly selfish of all acts to destroy, for your personal and momentary gratification, a beauty which is intended for all. That is what I growled aloud to my cousin Boomby, with whom I was walking, as we passed the ridiculous green bonnet. "Poor children," indeed! And what are the next children who come along to do? And how long are flowers supposed to last when every child that comes by is to pick them?

I hope, Mr. Lounger, that you will talk very plainly about this business, and let every body understand that, when he walks in the Park with or without the "poor children," he is narrowly watched by plenty of people who understand their rights and mean to maintain them. Last summer it was a matter of general congratulation that the visitors behaved so well. They seemed to appreciate the fact that the Park was an enjoyment for all. Keep this before them. Make them remember it all the time, and I have no doubt we shall all behave as we ought.

Perhaps I spoke just now rather hastily of the green bonnet. But I do think it was frightful, although, if it had been a thoughtful, gentle, considerate person who wore it, it might have seemed to me really beautiful. For I sometimes think that the beauty of a person's dress depends upon that of the mind.

However, I see that I am growing sentimental; I believe that is what papa calls me whenever I am not saying that twice two make four. So good-by. But please tell 'em to keep their hands off the flowers in the Central Park. They are for every body—not for any body.

Yours, in full faith, MARY DOBLEY.

A MODEST QUESTION.

THE fight between Heenan and Sayers was as notorious before it took place as the Italian war between France and Austria last summer. The Government knew it—all the police knew it—the whole kingdom of red tape was aware of it, and the circumlocution office was unquestionably willing. The fight occurred, and had no precise result except that Mr. Sayers's arm was disabled, and Mr. Heenan's eyes were closed. Those gentlemen wish to take another turn at it, and satisfy themselves and the world which of the twain is the more enduring and skillful in the high debate. What reason can there possibly be that they should not fight now which was not valid against their fighting at all? Such a reason has been discovered, and all lovers of public decency would naturally like to know what it is. The Government has informed Mr. Somebody, who was the referee at the first encounter, that there must not be another. Now the Lounger submits, upon the part of people who can see no profound difference between a brutality in the month of April and the same brutality in the month of June, that a Government, which was as fully aware of the intention in the first month as it can be in the last, condemns itself by every reason that it alleges for preventing another meeting between these distinguished gentlemen.

TAKING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

THERE is certainly no more common advice than that we should take men and things as they are. If a man is impressed with the urgent necessity of any reformation in public or private affairs—if his soul swell and his heart throb with some generous impulse, some humane hope—dull old Infidelity taps him upon the shoulder: "Oh yes, my young friend, all very well; but you'd better take men as you find them."

Or a preacher appeals, in the spirit and words of his Master, to people who profess to believe those words—he is uncompromising, instant, vehement. "Yes, yes, my good Sir," smiles prosperous Insincerity; "but it isn't the Millennium; poor human nature is dreadfully shaky; we'd perhaps better take the world as it is."

Of course, if we take it at all, we must take it as it is. And of course men are weak, and selfish, and short-sighted; and of course it is always easy enough for us all to go to ——, the abode of the unblessed.

Shall we therefore all go there? Being weak and selfish, are we to do nothing toward strength and generosity? Are we to *leave* the world as we find it? If a man would be, and ought to be, ashamed of himself, if he were put upon a ten-acre lot which grew only burdock and Canada thistles, and lived there for ten years, and then left it growing only burdock and Canada thistles, how ought a man to feel who is born into the splendors, and opportunities, and powers of the world and human society, and leaves them at last without the sign of a single effort of his toward any thing nobler than his own ease? What is that terrible parable of the one talent in the napkin but an illustration of this very thing? Who is that wicked and unprosperous servant who wraps his talent in a napkin? Is he a lazy, solitary soul? Not at all; he is the most active of men. He is up early and late. He sneers at repose; he pricks himself, and spurs all his workmen. Day and night the roar of his machinery jars the air. Day and night ships sail for him; and his name is familiar in the remotest isles of the sea. Day and night he schemes, intrigues, and conquers. Who is he? He is dull old Infidelity and prosperous Insincerity. What is he doing with all this tremendous activity that shakes the world? He is putting his talent in a napkin.

The world, after all, is the Sphinx; and if you do not guess her riddle she will kill you. The streets and houses are full of her murdered victims. The mark of the fatal claw is on them all. Yet she only asked, "Does your interest lie in being generous, humane, hopeful, long-suffering, loyal to love, to duty, to conscience, doing as you would be done by—or in selfishness?" It was a very simple question, but it was also a riddle so hard that few of us could solve it. What is selfishness, we said, but enlightened self-interest? And we all turned to and wrapped up our talent in a napkin.

"Let the world take care of itself; 'tis its own affair. Every man for himself. Take things as you find them; and remember men are not angels," quoth dull old Infidelity; and an echo followed his words: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

IMPARTIALITY.

WHAT the Lounger lately said about Irving and Paulding reminds him that there is a very common and very false interpretation of the word impartiality, to the effect that it is the same thing as the absence of all positive opinion.

But the word merely describes the state of mind in which only can we form an opinion which may reasonably be positive. When a man daintily says, "Oh! there's a great deal to be said upon both sides," the hearer feels very sure either that the speaker has already made up his mind, or that he doesn't want to make it up. Moreover, in the case of the most important questions there is not a great deal to be said upon both sides. Is there much to be said in favor of selfishness in whatever form it may present itself? The object of an impartial frame of mind is simply to ascertain whether it be selfishness. Then impartiality has done its duty. Then to hesitate and dally upon the plea that every thing has a good side, is simply to betray principle in the most cowardly manner.

People who dodge through the world endeavoring to be friends with every body, saying nothing which expresses a strong conviction lest somebody else of an opposite conviction should be troubled; people who slip and slide quietly over all rough places are either those who have an honest, instinctive shrinking from all difference, or those who glide along, as snakes do on the banks of rivers, in the slime. Neither class is impartial—one has no opinion from sympathy and tenderness; the other has none from the lowest fear and selfishness. But the Judge who, having heard all sides, declares finally and solemnly, "Let Justice be done though the heavens fall," he is impartial.

Hence in every country where public questions are decided by the popular will, a cowardly position is often called an impartial one. In every important debate there can be, of course, but two sides; and men who are sincerely interested in the subject of difference will inevitably range themselves upon one side or the other. And this for the sufficient reason that one side will help and the other hinder the movement. To say that both sides are indiscreet and foolish—that they do not always do the best thing in the best way—is merely to complain that the cars in the train are not as perfect as you could wish. If the cars are going where you wish to go, you are only ridiculous if you remain behind for no better reason than that. Individuals are not always responsible for every action of the mass with which they move. Doubtless there was a great deal of questionable conduct upon the part of our soldiers in the Revolution, and many blunders among the officers; but all who wanted American Independence fought with that army for all that. In this world we deal with men; and we must always consider the necessary limitations and nature of the instruments we work with before we sneer at them and throw them aside as incompetent.

So it is with impartiality. A man who tries to be impartial by not taking a side, is like one who vainly endeavors to stand firmly by balancing now upon one foot, and now upon the other. He stands nowhere, he is foolishly unsteady; and when he cries self-complacently, "This is firmness!" the whole world of earnest workers merely laughs.

THE FINE ART OF ADVERTISING.

THE art of advertising has been almost exhausted. When Coleridge delivered his Shakespeare lectures in London, what kind of audience could have been assembled if he had been announced as the English Plato? "Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! Go and hear the English Plato on Shakespeare! The English Plato speaks to-night on Shakespeare!" etc. Who would have gone? Who would not have echoed the first two words of the exhortation, and have given it a different ending?

The question naturally presents itself, why a scholar and orator, gravely discoursing upon some sober subject, should be advertised like a quack nostrum for corns, or a newly-found negro idiot called "What is it?" The people who wish to see idiots, as an amusement, have no desire to hear scholars discourse. They would not be entertained.

The Reverend Dr. Scudder delivered some lectures upon India in the early part of the season. The Doctor and his lectures were advertised like a circus and menagerie. It was disagreeable to think of the lecturer's emotions when he saw the manner in which his discourses were announced. People did not believe that they were good because some purveyor or manager said so with a great rhetorical flourish, but because they had heard them and told their neighbors. And although, of course, they heard of them, in the first place, from the advertisement, they were repelled by the peculiar rhetoric. Murray could not have puffed Livingstone's travels into the enormous sale they have had if the public had not liked them. He might have hired every column in the London *Times*, and called the work, in the largest letters, the greatest book that was ever written. He would have had his expense for his pains.

Advertising is, of course, the first necessity of a prosperous trade. People must know that you have something to sell, or they will not come to buy. But the thing is to remember that those people do not wish to hear *you* say that what you offer is the finest that ever was or could be. Of course the calicoes of every man who has them to sell are fast colors. Of course the horse you are bargaining for is the none-such of the jockey who is selling him. Of course the shoes over the way are not such shoes as you are seeing upon this side of the street. Of course this novel is the greatest hit of the age: the publisher paid enormously for the privilege of saying so.

There are certain subjects and men entitled to decent treatment, even in advertising. You may represent a clown grinning and standing on his head. But you have no right to treat a scholar in that way.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FUN is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

Sweddlepipes thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

CHARLES. "Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"

CLARA. "Yes, yes, the little dear. Have you seen him?"

CHARLES. "No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage."

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out,

"What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?"

"Why not?" replied Descartes; "do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools?"

Johnson pressed upon old Judge Boswell, father of the illustrious Jemmy, the question what good Cromwell had ever done for his country. After being much harassed by the doctor he spoke out at last: "Fore Gad, doctor, he made kings ken they had a joint in their necks."

Two M. P.'s were one evening recently reeling down to the House of Commons discussing politics as well as their cups and hiccups would permit them. One said, solemnly,

"Europe's true balance must not be overthrown;"

to which the other replied,

"Confound Europe's balance—try to keep your own."

An unfortunate married man was very ill used by his Xantippe—he was even treated with an occasional thrashing. His friends rallied him upon this, and at last spurred him on to declare that he would make an effort to be master. One day, not long after, his better half was so furious that he found himself compelled to seek shelter under the table. Just at this moment the voices of his friends were heard in the passage. "Come out, come out!" cried the wife, fearful of all exposure. "No, no!" cried the husband, in triumph. "Come out, indeed—not I. I'll show for once that I am *master!*"

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of the bucket, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, Sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, *if we get up safe!*"

WHICH IS JOSH?—"What's that a pictur' on?" said a countryman the other day to an itinerant print-seller, who was turning over some engravings. "That, Sir," said the Cheap Jack, "is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Well, which is Josh, and which is his son?" said the countryman.

"HEAVY EXCHANGES AND BOTH DOWN."

"Bell's" Report of a Fight (Passim).

This voting of purses, and cheering of cheers,
In London and Liverpool, nothing so strange is:
For well may Exchanges be fond of Tom Sayers,
Consid'ring how fond Sayers is of *exchanges.*

"Of what persuasion is Miss G——?" demanded once a grave polemic.

"She is so handsome that to me she seems," said I, "an Eve-angelic."

When we read the almost interminable sentences of some writers, we can not help thinking that their readers are in danger of being *sentenced to death.*

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetable?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum the orator gravely remarked, "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

An individual was arrested the other day while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to *get his hand in.*

They praise what they do not understand. A Dutchman says: "I vill tell you such is de powers of de Shakspeer, dat I vunce saw de plays acted in Anglish languish, in Holland, vhere der vaus not vun persons in all de house but myself could onderstand it; yet dere was not a persons in all dat house but vas in tears, dat is, all cying, and veep very mooch, couldn't onderstand von vord of de play, yet all veeping. Such vas de power of de Shakspeer."

A REPRESENTATIVE BOY.—*Punch* says that the Benicia Boy has ably represented his countrymen in the Prize Ring. Recent events at Washington indisputably prove that he is equally well qualified to represent them in Congress.

Wigs may date in England from King Stephen's time; and it was probably at this period that polite ears were first shocked by the expression "Dash my wig!" That people made no scruple about owning that they wore them may readily be seen by a small fragment of a ballad, which, to please the antiquarians, we may find room to quote:

"Alle arounde my hedde I wear a browne wigge O!
All arounde ye yeare, you may see itte any daye:
And gif any one sholde aske of mee ye reason why I weare itte,
I'll juste tell hym 'tis because my haire is gettynge thinne and graye."

SCENE AT AN EATING-HOUSE.

OLD PARTY (*at dining-table, very much excited*). "Why, confound you! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief!"

WAITER (*blandly*). "It's of no consequence, Sir—it's only a dirty one!"

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN THE CITY.—Broadway is an old offender, continually getting taken up.

A THOROUGH BREAD KNIGHT.—The King of Sardinia has knighted the patriotic baker, Giuseppe Dolfi. No doubt the worthy knight of the oven will prove himself a doughty champion, his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the flour of chivalry.

THE REAL FANCY FRANCHISE.—London and Liverpool 'Changes voting Tom Sayers a hero.

A GRACE FOR HUNGARY FOLKS.—*Benedektus Benedicat.*

Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnacious inclination of either of the professed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a premise "not to carry the matter further;" but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but, upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'm blessed if I don't bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

THE CURRENCY OF THE HAIR.—Truefitt, the West-end hair-dresser, upon being asked what hair was the richest, replied, quite in an off-hand manner, "The plain golden, Sir; in every sense, Sir, there's none so rich as the plain golden." His inquirer nodded assent, and said, "Perhaps you're right, Truefitt. It stands to reason, you know, that hair which is plain gold must be richer than any hair which is simply *plated.*" Truefitt acquiesced, but was evidently puzzled by the abstruseness of the proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

"The size of my neck? that's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range;
A neck-tie, a collar, a sore throat, a halter,
And others—enough to make a man falter.
Let this tender reply anxiety check,
The length of your arm will just go round my neck."

It is needless to say they are to be married.

An exchange has the following, as an excellent system of gardening for ladies: Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sow* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake* up any grievances; protect the *young and tender branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

FASHIONABLE CHARITY.

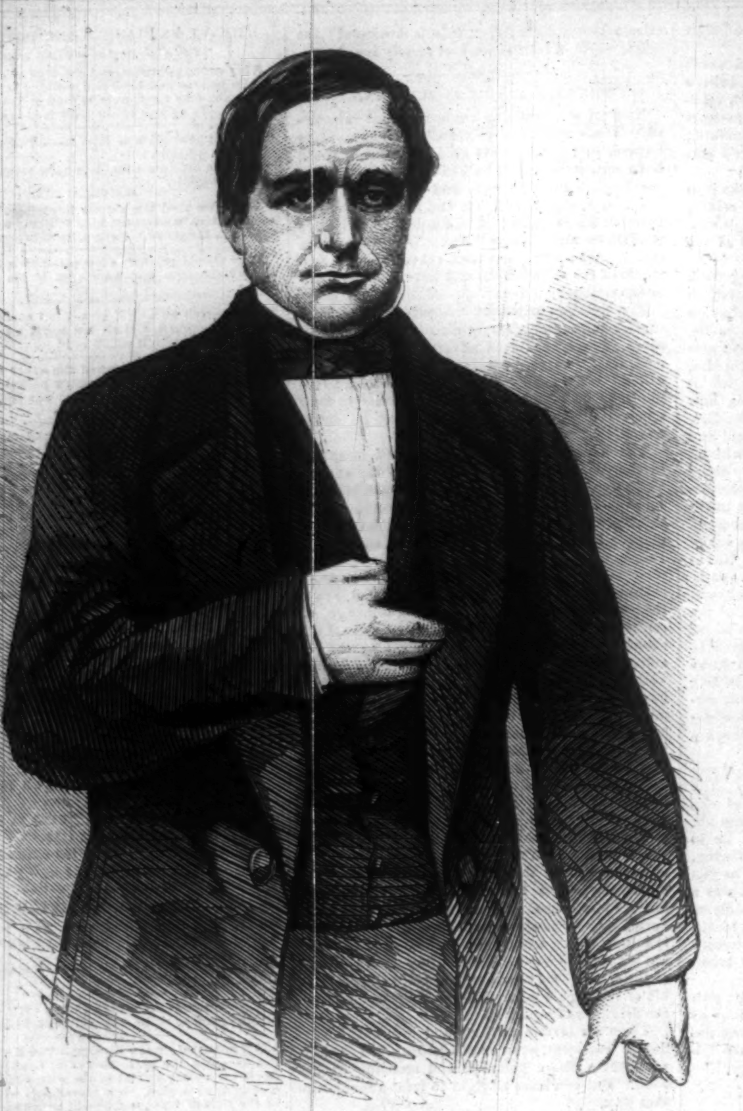
YOUNG LADY (*loq.*) "Sister, Bridget says, Mrs. Gaunt is below, and would like the money for the last clear-starching she did. She says her child is very sick, and she is quite destitute."

MRS. BUZZARD BROWN. "Oh, gracious, I can't be bothered now. Besides, I require all the money I have at present to pay for my dress for the grand ball for the benefit of the poor. Tell Bridget to tell her I am not at home."

Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner: "Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow,"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, Sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded—"To-morrow will be preached, at the parish church, St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor girls; and on Monday will be presented in this place a comedy, etc., for the benefit," etc.

A very fat man having taken a seat in an omnibus, already crowded to the great annoyance of the passengers, several, with partial breathing and muttering lips, inquired who such a lump of flesh as the new-comer could be. "I don't know," responded a wag, "but, judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a member of the Press."

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a sweet flower.



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, OF ME., REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE LAST WEEK'S NUMBER, PAGE 322.]

JAPANESE WHITTLINGS.

Tew Major Jack Downing, Downingville, Downing County, State ov Maine, in care of Mister Harper, who'll print it.

WASHINGTUN, *May* 22, 1860.

I TOLD yeou last weak, deer Uncle Jack, that I'd let yeou awl kno abeout the Jappyknees, the President having got me tew be his rite-hand man in goin' abeout with 'em. And as Mistur Harper's had his artists hear, a sketchin' and a drawin' awl that's ben dun, why yeou'll know jist as much abeout it tew Downingvill as if yeou was hear, witheout enny bills tew pay. P'raps, as it's a long storry, the printurs will sort ov cut it up with little signs, sew that yeou can pick eout the part yeou like best furst. Hear goes:

THE PRESENTATION.

A Thursday the sun roze brite and yearly, and sew did we tew the White House, for the Jappyknees wos a comin' in grate stait. Ev'ry thing wos in apple-pi ordur, and the Cabbynit wos awl reddy, and the memburs of Kongress begun tew cum. They brot thair wives tew, and 'twos esy tew see that repelin' that air bill agin pollyglammy in this Deestrect has maid it a Salt Lake. Why, ev'ry membur had at leste three wives on an averige—sum on 'em homely as thundur, and sum nice enuf tew ete. Then cum the offisurs, heded buy Ginnerol Scott and eended by a West Pintur, and alsew the navy officurs, a-gilded on thair cuffs and trowsurs sew that the memburs ov Congress thort they hadn't ought tew have enny more pay.

Jist then Michel cum and told me that the reporturs wos eout in the cold, and I met John Cochran, and he sed the same, and in we went tew the President, who wos a tyin' a not in a white cravat. I tell yeou, the way that air Nu Yorker lade deown the law warn't slow, and the President sed I "let 'em cum." This wos rite. The peeple pay the bills of this sho, and they warnt tew kno jist wot is a goin' on, and Mister Harper sketchur is the wun tew sho them heow 'tis dun.

If yeou'd a seen the processhun in which they cum, a 'scorted buy the mareens, with their grate band in red flannel a tootin' away like fun! The sogers marched in tew rows, kind ov spraddled eout, and between them was the Jappyknees, in open hacks, wun in a hack with an naval offisur. Each side on 'em marched their staff-offisurs, I s'pose, fur each wun kerry'd a staff, jist like the wardens in St. Jubulo's Loge ov Freemasons tew a deddercashun. On wun staff wos a flag, on anuther a bowy-knife, on anuther an ax, and sew on.

Wen they got tew the White House, and in the entry, these fellers formed in tew lines, innard face, opun ranks, and wen the dipplermats walk'd threw they nealed deown and presented arms—I mene staffs. Between yeou and eye, Uncle Jack, wot would Ginnerol Jackson hav sed tew hav had human beins a nealing deown in the White House?

Awl this tyme the east room was a gittin' packed like figs with memburs of Kongress and memburs' wives. The army and the navy offisurs had jist as much as they could dew tew keep a place oppen in frunt ov the dore. The wives of the members stud up on chares, and wun or tew got clean up on the mantel-peaces, a displayin' dimmity orphully.

THE INTERVIEW.

In cum the President, with his cabbynet, and stud facin' the dore—offisurs on each side ov him—behind them lots and cords of memburs of Kongress and a grate menny more of thair wives. Ginnerol Cass went eout, and in he cum with the Jappyknees. Heow I wish yeou could hav seen 'em.

They looked for awl the wurld like little old lady's dressed up tew kill, with queer littel things tide on there heds, and tew sords stuck in every feller's belt, which rared up when thay bowed deown like the tale fethers ov a cockerill. Thay cum a salein' in, dancin'-scule fashun, forrard tew—bow—forrard tew—bow—forrard tew—bow! And each time they bow'd Mr. Buckcannon he bowed, and awl looked sereus as meetin'-time, only wun gurl up on a chare back saw a fellur lookin' at her panturletts, and giggled. "'Shu!" sed ev'ry boddy, and the gurl look'd asham'd, and the fellur didn't look tuther weigh.

Then a little Jappyknee ov intemprate habits—a Prince ov Boozy thay calls him—takes a papur box, and keeps a opinin' boxes out on it, and taiks eout of the innermost box a treety, and giv it tew the President. He giv it tew Gennerol Cass, and then the hed Jappyknee begun tew mumbul eout wot he had tew say. This wos translerated by the medium of Dutch, wich ain't equal tew spirit-rappin'. The grate mas of spectaturs, not bein' abel tew see, got impashent.

When the President had herd it awl, and wos a clerin' his throte tew reply, out they saled, starn furst, a bowin'—a retretin' tew steps—a bowin'—and sew eout. We wundur'd wot in king was the mattur, and the navy offisurs sed sumthin' abeout eataquet, when in thay cum, a-kitein'. The Dutch 'turpreter sed thay warnted tyme tew let the President recuver from the 'fect ov wot they had sed; but he didn't seam tew mind it a pin, and I thort he looked as tho' he wished 'twos over.

Wa'al, in they sayled agin, and then the President he had his say, wich wos strayned thru tew 'turpreturs afore they understud a wurd. Folks thort 'twos orphul sollum, but I slipped eout, and went deown stares, whair the kitchin cabbernet wos a entertanin' the millerterry wile the President's cabbernet wos a bein' interdooced tew the Jappyknees, and the sho wos bein' happerly concludid. The reglur trupes, that's fed on benes and a little mete, thort a good dele more ov the eaterbles deown stares than the peepul did up stares that cudn't see nor here a thing. But it wos a grate event, tho' Count Von Videpocke, wun ov the Uropeen dippelomatters, ses it wos orful tew have spectaturs thair, 'speshally the ladys. But I didn't think sew, no more did the feller who had a peap at the panturletts.

DINNER WITH THE JAPANESE.

A Friday I wos asked tew dine with the Jappyknees, and you'd better beleeve I went. The fore big buggs ete buy themselves, but the other sixteen ete with the offisurs, in a room Mr. Willard had fixed up apurpos. I wos disserpinted in thare weigh, fur they used thare nives and forks jist like we dew. Rice seams tew be thare favrit provindur, and when fride chickin's biled in it thay likes it best. Then thay etes eggs—in omerletts, fried, biled, poched, or roastid. Thay don't say no tew champain, but sort ov keep watch on each uther, like the Suns ov Temprance. Thay taiks long drinks, tew, wen thay gits a chance.

Arter dinner I went tew the room of Squire Nauruse Genisioro—wot a naim! He's a sort of Brigaid-Major tew the Prince ov Boozy and the crowd, and spekes English sort ov tollerble well. He sho'd me a little book in which a Jappyknee had pictur'd eout awl the Americans thay'd seen, and 'twos funny, I tell yeou, e'enamost beatin' the picturs on the last paig of Mistur Harper's paper.

GENERAL CASS'S BALL.

That nite Gennerol Cass gin a ball, and we awl went, dressed aweigh up, only the ladys' wos dressed aweigh down. Yeou couldn't move a step witheout a tredin' on sumboddy's silk geown, and nary geown wa'nt up on the neck and shoulders—orphul scrawny sum wos tew. Yeou'd ort tew hav seen the Jappyknees look; and wen thay begun tew worltz thay look'd as tho' sum of the gals mite fly awl tew peeces, and tha'd like tew save 'em. Then wen purty gals cum and smyl'd, and sed tew the 'terpreturs, "Ask him tew danse with me?" an' look'd beseechin' like till 'twas told. 'Twos orphul tantylisin', I tell yeou, and sum ov 'em look'd as tho' thay'd like tew take off thare baggy trowsurs (puttin' on others, ov coarse), and change thare clumsy shuse fur Congress butes, and take wun ov the purty gals who stud thare like lemmuns tew go in and be squeez'd. Littel Count Videpocke worn't know where, and he sed, seys he, "Sare, I sink se Japonais be von gr-r-r-r-and hoombug!" I thort tew myself, but didn't say so, "You're a little humbug, and eklips'd, yung forrynur." But wen he got tew the chickun sallad and the shampain he got better natur'd, and wen the Jappyknees went hum "early tew bed," he shone agin. I left hymn in the Germun kotillun, abeout tew o'clock, a whirlin' areound like phun.

OPEN-AIR CONCERT AT THE PRESIDENT'S GROUNDS.

So fur, the Jappyknees had seed me, and the President, and other digniterries; but a Saturdy they seed the peepul. The President had the Mareen band cum tew his frunt yard behind the White House, and they and the founting plaid tew bours putty steddy—the founting not spouting much water, and the band a tooting eout music masturly slim. The Jappyknees was on the porch, and I and the President, Guv'nur Toucey, Kurnul Hardee, and others, wos thare, with Miss Lane, who looked purty enuff tew ete, and wos dressed up nice as a nu pin, with a vale on top ov her hed.

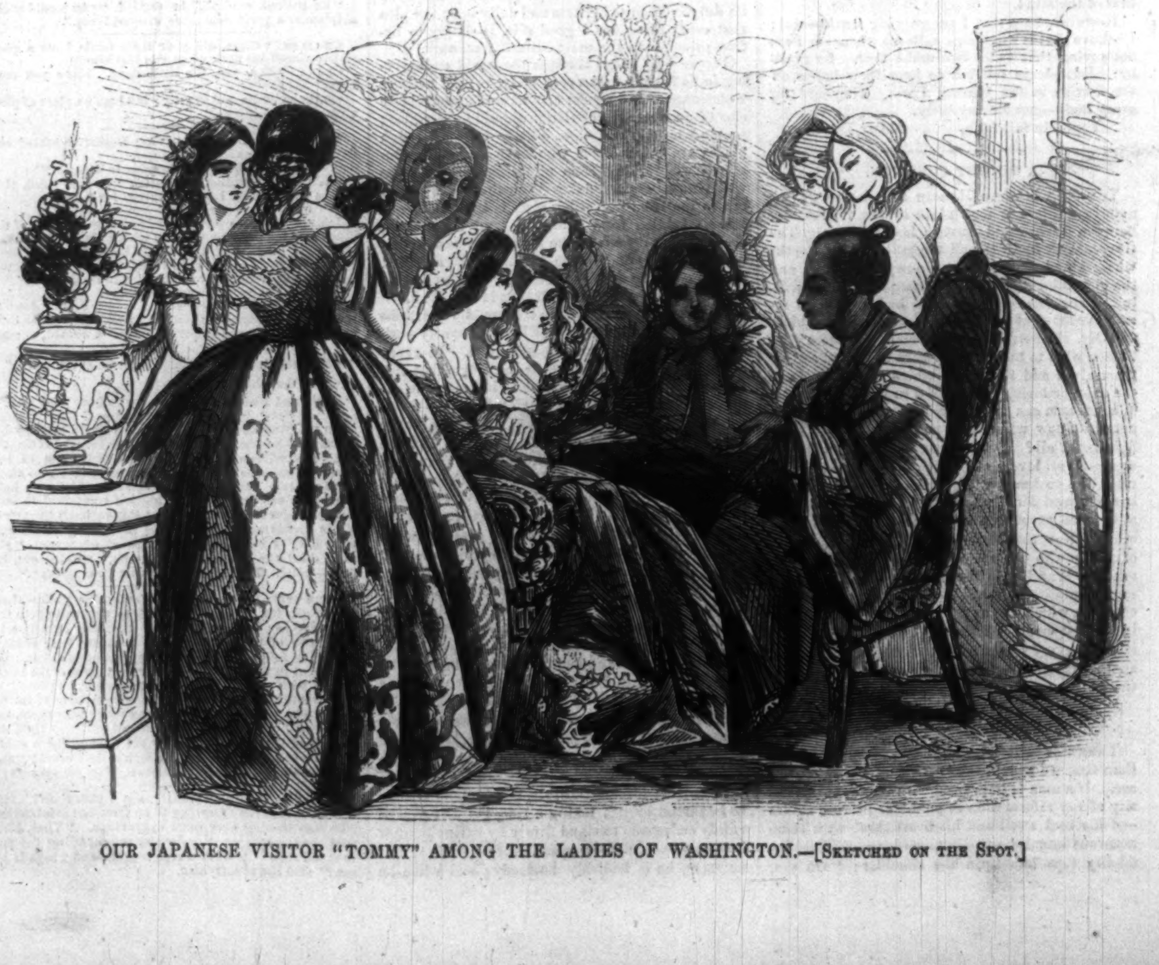
BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

P.S.—We're a tryin' tew straten up things fur Baltermore, but it's hard tew get the train that switched off the Demmercratic track tew Charlestun fur Richmund, with Yancey fur cunductur, tew back on agin, and cum inter Baltermore with the rest. But General Cushin' ses he'll have a leadur a horseback, and that the "Guthrie Grays" will fall inter line with the "Giant Grenadiers," the "Hunter Horse Guards," and the "Fire-eating Fusileers." They mought; and then agin they moughtent, as the darkies say. B. D., 3d.

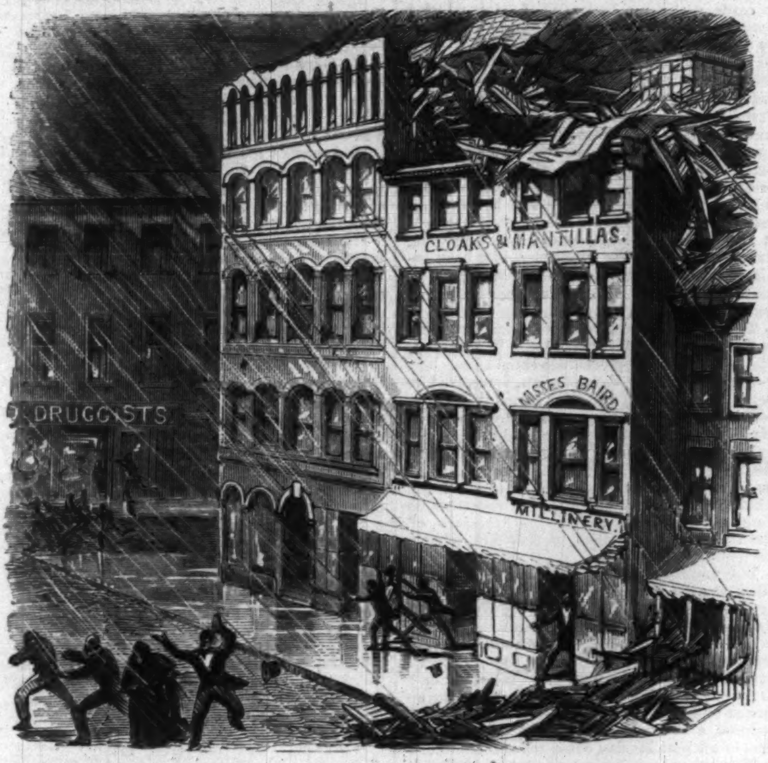
P.S. No. 2.—Say tew Sarah Hale that I'm true as the kumpass, with a slite Washintun varyashun or tew. B. D., 3d.

TOMMY.

We give below a portrait of the Japanese Tommy, who is such a favorite just now at Washington. Tommy is one of the attendants upon the Embassadors—a sharp, active, intelligent little fellow, he has already picked up a good many English words. Tommy was at first a great pet of the ladies; but some one having persuaded him that hoops and their superstructure were "solid," he made an attempt to verify the matter the other day, and since then the ladies are rather shy of him.



OUR JAPANESE VISITOR "TOMMY" AMONG THE LADIES OF WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.]



THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI—THE ROOF OF THE OFFICE OF THE "CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL" BLOWN OFF.—[From a Sketch by George M. Finch, Esq.]

THE TORNADO AT CINCINNATI.

We engrave herewith, from a drawing by Mr. Finch, of Cincinnati, a picture of the unroofing of the *Commercial* building at Cincinnati by the gale of 21st ult. The *Gazette* of Cincinnati says:

> "One of the most terrific tornadoes ever known visited our city yesterday afternoon between three and four o'clock, which resulted in the complete demolition of a large number of buildings, the partial destruction of churches and hundreds of dwelling-houses, the death of four men in the city and of two by drowning in the river, injury of several women and children, and miscellaneous destruction generally.
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> "The new *Commercial* Office Building, at the northeast corner of Race and Fourth streets, was one among the thousands which suffered. The cornice of the building was zinc, and the roof sheet-iron; but, like a piece of paper, they were ripped from their places, and scattered for a distance of one square. The compositors of the office were at work at the time, and the first intimation they had of the fury of the gale was the absence of the roof and the clattering of bricks and mortar about their heads.
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> "A large quantity of bricks and timbers, displaced from the *Commercial* Building, fell upon the skylight of the building adjoining, and passed through each story into the cellar, occasioning in its transit a large amount of damage. This building was occupied by Misses Bairds, milliners, Mrs. W. J. Johnston as an ice-cream saloon, and Ball & Thomas as a Daguerrean gallery. A lady of the name of Youce, who had entered the refreshment department of Mrs. J., was quite severely injured by some of the falling rubbish. Several of the servants were also badly injured; they were taken to the Commercial Hospital, and an examination of their wounds showed that one of them was in a critical situation."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Lady Glyde's recollection of the events which followed her departure from Blackwater Park began with her arrival at the London terminus of the Southwestern railway. She had omitted to make a memorandum beforehand of the day on which she took the journey. All hope of fixing that important date by any evidence of hers or of Mrs. Michelson's must be given up for lost.

On the arrival of the train at the platform Lady Glyde found Count Fosco waiting for her. He was at the carriage door as soon as the porter could open it. The train was unusually crowded, and there was great confusion in getting the luggage. Some person whom Count Fosco brought with him procured the luggage which belonged to Lady Glyde. It was marked with her name. She drove away alone with the Count, in a vehicle which she did not particularly notice at the time.

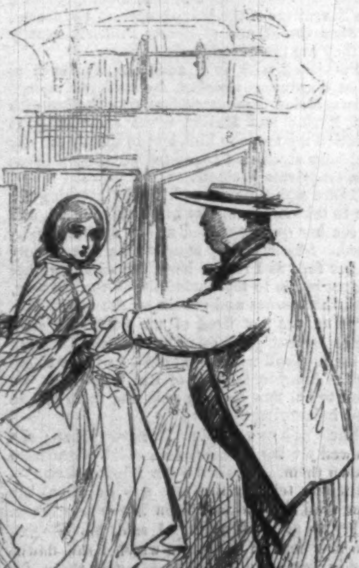
Her first question on leaving the terminus referred to Miss Halcombe. The Count informed her that Miss Halcombe had not yet gone to Cumberland, after-consideration having caused him to doubt the prudence of her taking so long a journey without some days' previous rest.

Lady Glyde next inquired whether her sister was then staying in the Count's house. Her recollection of the answer was confused, her only distinct impression in relation to it being that the Count declared he was then taking her to see Miss Halcombe. Lady Glyde's experience of London was so limited that she could not tell at the time through what streets they were driving. But they never left the streets, and they never passed any gardens or trees. When the carriage stopped it stopped in a small street behind a square—a square in which there were shops and public buildings and many people. From these recollections (of which Lady Glyde was certain) it seems quite clear that Count Fosco did not take her to his own residence in the suburb of St. John's Wood.

They entered the house and went up stairs to a back room, either on the first or second floor. The luggage was carefully brought in. A female servant opened the door, and a man with a beard, apparently a foreigner, met them in the hall, and with great politeness showed them the way up stairs. In answer to Lady Glyde's inquiries the Count assured her that Miss Halcombe was in the house, and that she should be immediately informed of her sister's arrival. He and the foreigner then went away and left her by herself in the room. It was poorly furnished as a sitting-room, and it looked out on the backs of houses.

She was left here alone for a considerable time—for so long that she began to feel very uneasy. The house was remarkably quiet; no footsteps went up or down the stairs—she only heard in the room beneath her a dull, rumbling sound of men's voices talking. One of the voices might have been Count Fosco's. It was at least certain that the talking left off suddenly, and that the Count entered the room again, by himself, immediately afterward.

The moment he appeared she asked anxiously why the meeting between her sister and herself was so long delayed. At first he returned an evasive answer; but on being pressed he acknowledged, with great apparent reluctance, that Miss Halcombe was by no means so well as he had hitherto represented her to be. His tone and manner in making this reply so alarmed Lady Glyde, or rather so painfully increased the uneasiness which she had felt ever since entering the house, that a sudden sensation of faintness overcame her, and she was obliged to ask for a glass of water. The Count called from the door for water and for a bottle of smelling-salts. Both were brought in by the man with the beard. The water, when Lady Glyde attempted to drink it, had so strange a taste that it increased her faintness, and she hastily took the bottle of salts from Count Fosco and smelled at it. Her head became giddy on the instant. The Count caught the bottle as it dropped out of her hand, and the last impression of which she was conscious was that he held it to her nostrils again.



From this point her recollections were found to be confused, fragmentary, and difficult to reconcile with any reasonable probability.

Her own impression was that she recovered her senses later in the evening; that she then left the house; that she went (as she had previously arranged to go at Blackwater Park) to Mrs. Vesey's; that she drank tea there; and that she passed the night under Mrs. Vesey's roof. She was totally unable to say how, or when, or in what company she left the house to which Count Fosco had brought her. But she persisted in asserting that she had been to Mrs. Vesey's; and, still more extraordinary, that she had been helped to undress and get to bed by Mrs. Rubelle! She could not remember what the conversation was at Mrs. Vesey's, or whom she saw there besides that lady, or why Mrs. Rubelle should have been present in the house to help her.

Her recollection of what happened the next morning was still more vague and unreliable. She had some dim idea of driving out (at what hour she could not say) with Count Fosco, and with Mrs. Rubelle again for a female attendant. But when and why she left Mrs. Vesey she could not tell; neither did she know what direction the carriage drove in, or where it set her down, or whether the Count and Mrs. Rubelle did or did not remain with her all the time she was out. At this point in her sad story there was a total blank. She had no impressions of the faintest kind to communicate—no idea whether one day or more than one day had passed—until she came to herself suddenly in a strange place, surrounded by women who were all unknown to her.

This was the Asylum. Here she first heard herself called by Anne Catherick's name; and here, as a last remarkable circumstance in the story of the conspiracy, her own eyes informed her that she had Anne Catherick's clothes on. The nurse, on the first night in the Asylum, had shown her the marks on each article of her underclothing as it was taken off, and had said, not at all irritably or unkindly, "Look at your own name on your own clothes, and don't worry us all any more about being Lady Glyde. She's dead and buried, and you're alive and hearty. Do look at your clothes now! There it is, in good marking-ink; and there you will find it on all your old things which we have kept in the house—Anne Catherick, as plain as print!" And there it was, when Miss Halcombe examined the linen her sister wore, on the night of their arrival at Limmeridge House.

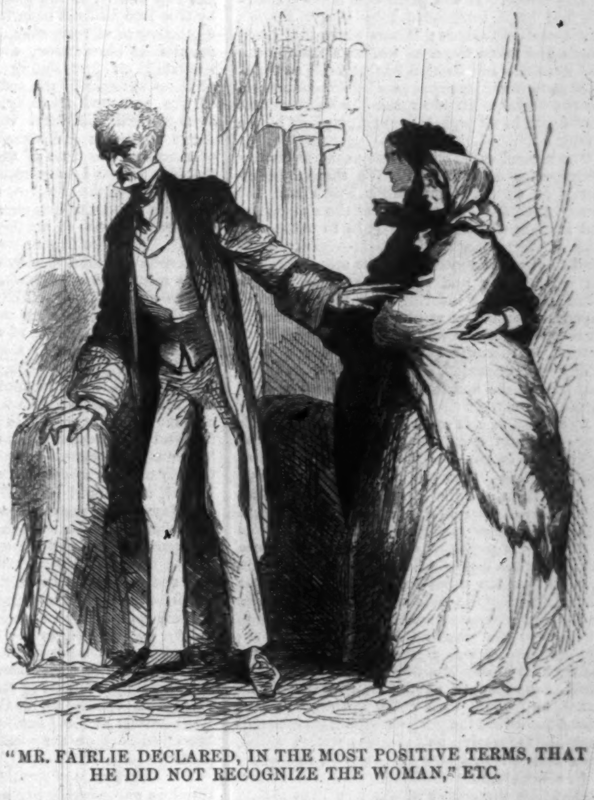
Such, reduced to plain terms, was the narrative obtained from Lady Glyde, by careful questioning, on the journey to Cumberland. Miss Halcombe abstained from pressing her with any inquiries relating to events in the Asylum, her mind being but too evidently unfit to bear the trial of reverting to them. It was known, by the voluntary admission of the owner of the mad-house, that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. From that date until the fifteenth of October (the day of her rescue) she had been under restraint, her identity with Anne Catherick systematically asserted, and her sanity, from first to last, practically denied. Faculties less delicately balanced, constitutions less tenderly organized, must have suffered under such an ordeal as this. No man could have gone through it and come out of it unchanged.

Arriving at Limmeridge late on the evening of the fifteenth, Miss Halcombe wisely resolved not to attempt the assertion of Lady Glyde's identity until the next day.

The first thing in the morning she went to Mr. Fairlie's room, and, using all possible cautions and preparations beforehand, at last told him in so many words what had happened. As soon as his first astonishment and alarm had subsided, he angrily declared that Miss Halcombe had allowed herself to be duped by Anne Catherick. He referred her to Count Fosco's letter, and to what she had herself told him of the personal resemblance between Anne and his deceased niece; and he positively declined to admit to his presence, even for one minute only, a madwoman, whom it was an insult and an outrage to have brought into his house at all. Miss Halcombe left the room; waited till the first heat of her indignation had passed away; decided, on reflection, that Mr. Fairlie should see his niece, in the interests of common humanity, before he closed his doors on her as a stranger; and, thereupon, without a word of previous warning, took Lady Glyde with her to his room. The servant was posted at the door to prevent their entrance; but Miss Halcombe insisted on passing him, and made her way into Mr. Fairlie's presence, leading her sister by the hand.

The scene that followed, though it only lasted for a few minutes, was too painful to be described—Miss Halcombe herself shrank from referring to it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Fairlie declared, in the most positive terms, that he did not recognize the woman who had been brought into his room; that he saw nothing in her face and manner to make him doubt for a moment that his niece lay buried in Limmeridge church-yard; and that he would call on the law to protect him if before the day was over she was not removed from the house.

Taking the very worst view of Mr. Fairlie's selfishness, indolence, and habitual want of feeling, it was manifestly impossible to suppose that he was capable of such infamy as secretly recognizing and openly disowning his brother's child. Miss Halcombe humanely and sensibly allowed all due force to the influence of prejudice and alarm in preventing him from fairly exercising his perceptions, and accounted for what had happened in that way. But when she next put the servants to the test, and found that they too were, in every case, uncertain, to say the least of it, whether the lady presented to them was their young mistress or Anne Catherick, of whose resemblance to her they had all heard, the sad conclusion was inevitable, that the change produced in Lady Glyde's face and manner by her imprisonment in the Asylum was far more serious than Miss Halcombe had at first supposed. The vile deception which had asserted her death defied exposure even in the house where she was born, and among the people with whom she had lived.



"MR. FAIRLIE DECLARED, IN THE MOST POSITIVE TERMS, THAT HE DID NOT RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN," ETC.

In a less critical situation the effort need not have been given up as hopeless even yet.

For example, the maid Fanny, who happened to be then absent from Limmeridge, was expected back in two days; and there would be a chance of gaining her recognition to start with, seeing that she had been in much more constant communication with her mistress, and had been much more heartily attached to her than the other servants. Again, Lady Glyde might have been privately kept in the house, or in the village, to wait until her health was a little recovered, and her mind was a little steadied again. When her memory could be once more trusted to serve her she would naturally refer to persons and events in the past with a certainty and a familiarity which no impostor could simulate; and so the fact of her identity, which her own appearance had failed to establish, might subsequently be proved, with time to help her, by the surer test of her own words.

But the circumstances under which she had regained her freedom rendered all recourse to such means as these simply impracticable. The pursuit from the Asylum, diverted to Hampshire for the time only, would infallibly next take the direction of Cumberland. The persons appointed to seek the fugitive might arrive at Limmeridge House at a few hours' notice, and in Mr. Fairlie's present temper of mind they might count on the immediate exertion of his local influence and authority to assist them. The commonest consideration for Lady Glyde's safety forced on Miss Halcombe the necessity of resigning the struggle to do her justice, and of removing her at once from the place of all others that was now most dangerous to her—the neighborhood of her own home.

An immediate return to London was the first and wisest measure of security which suggested itself. In the great city all traces of them might be most speedily and most surely effaced. There were no preparations to make—no farewell words of kindness to exchange with any one. On the afternoon of that memorable day of the sixteenth Miss Halcombe roused her sister to a last exertion of courage; and, without a living soul to wish them well at parting, the two took their way into the world alone, and turned their backs forever on Limmeridge House.

They had passed the hill above the churchyard, when Lady Glyde insisted on turning back to look her last at her mother's grave. Miss Halcombe tried to shake her resolution; but in this one instance tried in vain. She was immovable. Her dim eyes lit with a sudden fire, and flashed through the vail that hung over them; her wasted fingers strengthened, moment by moment, round the friendly arm by which they had held so listlessly till this time. I believe in my soul that the Hand of God was pointing their way back to them, and that the most innocent and the most afflicted of His creatures was chosen, in that dread moment, to see it.

They retraced their steps to the burial-ground, and by that act sealed the future of our three lives.

III.

This was the story of the past—the story, so far as we knew it then.

Two obvious conclusions presented themselves to my mind after hearing it. In the first place, I saw darkly what the nature of the conspiracy had been; how chances had been watched, and how circumstances had been handled to insure impunity to a daring and an intricate crime. While all details were still a mystery to me, the vile manner in which the personal resemblance between the Woman in White and Lady Glyde had been turned to account was clear beyond a doubt. It was plain that Anne Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde; it was plain that Lady Glyde had taken the dead woman's place in the Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people (the doctor and the two servants certainly, and the owner of the mad-house in all probability) accomplices in the crime.

The second conclusion came as the necessary consequence of the first. We three had no mercy to expect from Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde. The success of the conspiracy had brought with it a clear gain to those two men of thirty thousand pounds—twenty thousand to one, ten thousand to the other, through his wife. They had that interest, as well as other interests, in insuring their impunity from exposure; and they would leave no stone unturned, no sacrifice unattempted, no treachery untried, to discover the place in which their victim was concealed, and to part her from the only friends she had in the world—Marian Halcombe and myself.

The sense of this serious peril—a peril which every day and every hour might bring nearer and nearer to us—was the one influence that guided me in fixing the place of our retreat. I chose it in the far East of London, where there were fewest idle people to lounge and look about them in the streets. I chose it in a poor and a populous neighborhood—because the harder the struggle for existence among the men and women about us, the less the chance of their having the time or taking the pains to notice chance strangers who came among them. These were the great advantages I looked to; but our locality was a gain to us also, in another and a hardly less important respect. We could live cheaply by the daily work of my hands, and could save every farthing we possessed to forward the purpose—the righteous purpose—of redressing an infamous wrong, which, from first to last, I now kept steadily in view.

In a week's time Marian Halcombe and I had settled how the course of our new lives should be directed.

There were no other lodgers in the house; and we had the means of going in and out without passing through the shop. I arranged, for the present at least, that neither Marian nor Laura should stir outside the door without my being with them; and that in my absence from home they should let no one into their rooms on any pretense whatever. This rule established, I went to a friend whom I had known in former days—a wood engraver in large practice—to seek for employment; telling him at the same time that I had reasons for wishing to remain unknown. He at once concluded that I was in debt; expressed his regret in the usual forms; and then promised to do what he could to assist me. I left his false impression undisturbed, and accepted the work he had to give. He knew that he could trust my experience and my industry. I had, what he wanted, steadiness and facility; and though my earnings were but small they sufficed for our necessities. As soon as we could feel certain of this, Marian Halcombe and I put together what we possessed. She had between two and three hundred pounds left of her own property; and I had nearly as much remaining from the purchase-money obtained by the sale of my drawing-master's practice before I left England. Together we made up between us more than four hundred pounds. I deposited this little fortune in a bank, to be kept for the expense of those secret inquiries and investigations which I was determined to set on foot, and to carry on by myself if I could find no one to help me. We calculated our weekly expenditure to the last farthing; and we never touched our little fund except in Laura's interests and for Laura's sake.

The house-work, which, if we had dared trust a stranger near us, would have been done by a servant, was taken on the first day, taken as her own right, by Marian Halcombe. "What a woman's hands *are* fit for," she said, "early and late these hands of mine shall do." They trembled as she held them out. The wasted arms told their sad story of the past as she turned up the sleeves of the poor plain dress that she wore for safety's sake; but the unquenchable spirit of the woman burned bright in her even yet. I saw the big tears rise thick in her eyes and fall slowly over her cheeks as she looked at me. She dashed them away with a touch of her old energy, and smiled with a faint reflection of her old good spirits. "Don't doubt my courage, Walter," she pleaded; "it's my weakness that cries, not *me*. The house-work shall conquer it, if *I* can't." And she kept her word—the victory was won when we met in the evening, and she sat down to rest. Her large steady black eyes looked at me with a flash of their bright firmness of by-gone days. "I am not quite broken down yet," she said; "I am worth trusting with my share of the work." Before I could answer, she added in a whisper, "And worth trusting with my share in the risk and the danger too. Remember that, if the time comes!"

I did remember it when the time came.

As early as the end of October the daily course of our lives had assumed its settled direction, and we three were as completely isolated in our place of concealment as if the house we lived in had been a desert island, and the great net-work of streets and the thousands of our fellow-creatures all round us the waters of an illimitable sea. I could now reckon on some leisure-time for considering what my future plan of action should be, and how I might arm myself most securely at the outset for the coming struggle with Sir Percival and the Count.

I gave up all hope of appealing to my recognition of Laura, or to Marian's recognition of her, in proof of her identity. If we had loved her less dearly, if the instinct implanted in us by that love had not been far more certain than any exercise of reasoning, far keener than any process of observation, even we might have hesitated on first seeing her. The outward changes wrought by the suffering and the terror of the past had fearfully, almost hopelessly, strengthened the fatal resemblance between Anne Catherick and herself. In my narrative of events at the time of my residence at Limmeridge House I have recorded, from my own observation of the two, how the likeness, striking as it was when viewed generally, failed in many important points of similarity when tested in detail. In those former days, if they had both been seen together, side by side, no person could for a moment have mistaken them one for the other—as has happened often in the instances of twins. I could not say this now. The sorrow and suffering which I had once blamed myself for associating even by a passing thought with the future of Laura Fairlie, *had* set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of her face; and the fatal resemblance which I had once seen and shuddered at seeing, in idea only, was now a real and living resemblance which asserted itself before my own eyes. Strangers, acquaintances, friends even, who could not look at her as we looked, if she had been shown to them in the first days of her rescue from the Asylum, might have doubted if she were the Laura Fairlie they had once known, and doubted without blame.

The one remaining chance, which I had at first thought might be trusted to serve us—the chance of appealing to her recollection of persons and events with which no impostor could be familiar, was proved, by the sad test of our later experience, to be hopeless. Every little caution that Marian and I practiced toward her; every little remedy we tried to strengthen and steady slowly the weakened, shaken faculties, was a fresh protest in itself against the risk of turning her mind back on the troubled and the terrible past.

The only events of former days which we ventured on encouraging her to recall, were the little trivial domestic events of that happy time at Limmeridge when I first went there and taught her to draw. The day when I roused those remembrances, by showing her the sketch of the summer-house which she had given me on the morning of our farewell, and which had never been separated from me since, was the birth-day of our first hope. Tenderly and gradually the memory of the old walks and drives dawned upon her; and the poor weary pining eyes looked at Marian and at me with a new interest—with a faltering thoughtfulness in them which, from that moment, we cherished and kept alive. I bought her a little box of colors, and a sketch-book like the old sketch-book which I had seen in her hands on the morning when we first met. Once again—oh me, once again!—at spare hours saved from my work, in the dull London light, in the poor London room, I sat by her side, to guide the faltering touch, to help the feeble hand. Day by day I raised and raised the new interest till its place in the blank of her existence was at last assured—till she could think of her drawing, and talk of it, and patiently practice it by herself, with some faint reflection of the innocent pleasure in my encouragement, the growing enjoyment in her own progress which belonged to the lost life and the lost happiness of past days.

We helped her mind slowly by this simple means; we took her out between us to walk, on fine days, in a quiet old City square, near at hand, where there was nothing to confuse or alarm her; we spared a few pounds from the fund at the banker's to get her wine and the delicate strengthening food that she required. We amused her in the evenings with children's games at cards, with scrap-books full of prints which I borrowed from the engraver who employed me—by these, and other trifling attentions like them, we composed her and steadied her, and hoped all things, as cheerfully as we could, from time and care, and love that never neglected and never despaired of her. But to take her mercilessly from seclusion and repose; to confront her with strangers, or with acquaintances who were little better than strangers; to rouse the painful impressions of her past life which we had so carefully hushed to rest—this, even in her own interests, we dared not do. Whatever sacrifices it cost, whatever long, weary, heart-breaking delays it involved, the wrong that had been inflicted on her, if mortal means could grapple it, must be redressed without her knowledge and without her help.

This resolution settled, it was next necessary to decide how the first risk should be ventured, and what the first proceedings should be.

After consulting with Marian, I resolved to begin by gathering together as many facts as could be collected, then to ask the advice of Mr. Kyrle (whom we knew we could trust), and to ascertain from him, in the first instance, if the legal remedy lay fairly within our reach. I owed it to Laura's interests not to stake her whole future on my own unaided exertions, so long as there was the faintest prospect of strengthening our position by obtaining reliable assistance of any kind.

The first source of information to which I applied was the journal kept at Blackwater Park by Marian Halcombe. There were passages in this diary, relating to myself, which she thought it best that I should not see. Accordingly, she read to me from the manuscript, and I took the notes I wanted as she went on. We could only find time to pursue this occupation by sitting up late at night. Three nights were devoted to the purpose, and were enough to put me in possession of all that Marian could tell.

My next proceeding was to gain as much additional evidence as I could procure from other people, without exciting suspicion. I went myself to Mrs. Vesey to ascertain if Laura's impression of having slept there was correct or not. In this case, from consideration for Mrs. Vesey's age and infirmity, and in all subsequent cases of the same kind from considerations of caution, I kept our real position a secret, and was always careful to speak of Laura as "the late Lady Glyde."

Mrs. Vesey's answer to my inquiries only confirmed the apprehensions which I had previously felt. Laura had certainly written to say she would pass the night under the roof of her old friend, but she had never been near the house. Her mind, in this instance, and, as I feared, in other instances besides, confusedly presented to her something which she had only intended to do in the false light of something which she had really done. The unconscious contradiction of herself was easy to account for in this way, but it was likely to lead to serious results. It was a stumble on the threshold at starting; it was a flaw in the evidence which told fatally against us.

I next instructed Marian to write (observing the same caution which I practiced myself) to Mrs. Michelson. She was to express, if she pleased, some general suspicion of Count Fosco's conduct; and she was to ask the housekeeper to supply us with a plain statement of events, in the interests of truth. While we were waiting for the answer, which reached us in a week's time, I went to the doctor in St. John's Wood, introducing myself as sent by Miss Halcombe to collect, if possible, more particulars of her sister's last illness than Mr. Kyrle had found the time to procure. By Mr. Goodricke's assistance, I obtained a copy of the certificate of death, and an interview with the woman (Jane Gould) who had been employed to prepare the body for the grave. Through this person I also discovered a means of communicating with the servant, Hester Pinhorn. She had recently left her place, in consequence of a disagreement with her mistress; and she was lodging with some people in the neighborhood whom Mrs. Gould knew. In the manner here indicated, I obtained the Narratives of the housekeeper, of the doctor, of Jane Gould, and of Hester Pinhorn, exactly as they are presented in these pages.

Furnished with such additional evidence as these documents afforded, I considered myself to be sufficiently prepared for a consultation with Mr. Kyrle; and Marian wrote accordingly to mention my name to him, and to specify the day and hour at which I requested permission to see him on private business.

There was time enough in the morning for me to take Laura out for her walk as usual, and to see her quietly settled at her drawing afterward. She looked up at me with a new anxiety in her face as I rose to leave the room, and her fingers began to toy doubtfully, in the old way, with the brushes and pencils on the table.

"You are not tired of me yet?" she said. "You are not going away because you are tired of me? I will try to do better—I will try to get well. Are you as fond of me, Walter, as you used to be, now I am so pale and thin, and so slow in learning to draw?"

She spoke as a child might have spoken; she showed me her thoughts as a child might have shown them. I waited a few minutes longer—waited to tell her that she was dearer to me now than she had ever been in the past times. "Try to get well again," I said, encouraging the new hope in the future which I saw dawning in her mind; "try to get well again, for Marian's sake and for mine."

"Yes," she said to herself, returning to her drawing. "I must try, because they are both so fond of me." She suddenly looked up again. "Don't be gone long! I can't get on with my drawing, Walter, when you are not here to help me."

"I shall soon be back, my darling—soon be back to see how you are getting on."

My voice faltered a little in spite of me. I forced myself from the room. It was no time then for parting with the self-control which might yet serve me in my need before the day was out.

As I opened the door I beckoned to Marian to follow me to the stairs. It was necessary to prepare her for a result which I felt might sooner or later follow my showing myself openly in the streets.

"I shall, in all probability, be back in a few hours," I said; "and you will take care, as usual, to let no one inside the doors in my absence. But if any thing happens—"

"What can happen?" she interposed, quickly. "Tell me plainly, Walter, if there is any danger, and I shall know how to meet it."

"The only danger," I replied, "is that Sir Percival Glyde may have been recalled to London by the news of Laura's escape. You are aware that he had me watched before I left England; and that he probably knows me by sight, although I don't know him?"

She laid her hand on my shoulder and looked at me in anxious silence. I saw she understood the serious risk that threatened us.

"It is not likely," I said, "that I shall be seen in London again so soon, either by Sir Percival himself or by the persons in his employ. But it is barely possible that an accident may happen. In that case, you will not be alarmed if I fail to return to-night; and you will satisfy any inquiries of Laura's with the best excuse that you can make for me? If I find the least reason to suspect that I am watched, I will take good care that no spy follows me back to this house. Don't doubt my return, Marian, however it may be delayed, and fear nothing."

"Nothing!" she answered, firmly. "You shall not regret, Walter, that you have only a woman to help you." She paused, and detained me for a moment longer. "Take care!" she said, pressing my hand anxiously—"take care!"

I left her and set forth to pave the way for discovery—the dark and doubtful way, which began at the lawyer's door.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 21, in the Senate, Senator Cameron presented a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania in regard to the Revenue laws, stating that he should seize an early occasion to press the subject. The bill for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade having been called up, Senator Wilson explained its provisions. The Davis resolutions were then considered, and supported by Senator Toombs.——In the House, the message of the President relative to the slaver *Wildfire* was received. Mr. Montgomery moved a resolution that the House adjourn *sine die* on the 10th prox. Mr. Sherman moved as an amendment the substitution of June 18, which prevailing, the resolution was adopted. The Senate Homestead bill was then taken up, and the substitution of the original bill of the House was carried by a vote of 104 to 39, and the bill returned to the Senate. The bill raising the pay of officers of the Navy was passed.

On Tuesday, May 22, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was appointed on the Consular and Diplomatic bill. Senator Hale resumed his remarks upon the resolutions of Senator Davis. Senator Benjamin replied to Senator Douglas. Senator Pugh followed in reply to Senator Benjamin, defending the Illinois Senator.——The House Committee on Elections reported in regard to the Missouri contested seat, declaring in favor of Mr. F. P. Blair. A message was received from the President announcing the arrival of the *Wyandotte* at Key West with more rescued Africans, making an average of 1000 actually at that port, and invoking the instant action of Congress with regard to the disposition to be made of them. In Committee of the Whole upon the Appropriation bills, Mr. Pryor moved, unsuccessfully, to terminate the appropriation to the *Globe* for reporting speeches. An amendment limiting the reports to speeches in order, and excluding those not actually delivered, was adopted.

On Wednesday, May 23, the President transmitted to the Senate a message relative to the capture of more negroes by the United States steamer *Wyandotte*, off the Isle of Pines. Senator Benjamin reported a bill relative to the treatment of the slaves which have been landed at Key West, and asked its immediate consideration, but Senator Brown objected, and it was laid over under the rule. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of War for information regarding the sale of the Fort Snelling Reservation. The amendments of the House to the Navy Pay Bill were concurred in. Then Senator Davis's resolutions came up, Senators Wigfall and Doolittle spoke on them, and the Senate adjourned.——The Pacific Telegraph Bill was discussed in the House without action. In Committee of the Whole the Appropriation Bill was debated, and amended so as to omit appropriation for the auxiliary guard. When the Committee had reported, a call of the House was ordered, and an adjournment followed.

On Thursday, May 24, in the Senate, the bill providing for the return to Africa of the negroes rescued from the slavers *William* and *Wildfire* was passed. Senator Davis's resolutions having been called up, Senators Bigler, Clingman, and Brown spoke, and the Senate passed the first three.——The House passed the Pacific Telegraph bill, with an amendment throwing the contract open to competition. The Pacific Railroad bill was discussed by Mr. Curtis.

On Friday, May 25, in the Senate, the House Post-office Deficiency Bill was reported, with various amendments. The Overland Mail Bill, after remarks by Senator Gwin, was laid aside, in company with the private calendar, to make way for the debate upon the Davis resolutions, which were all adopted, after an animated debate, in which Senators Crittenden, Brown, Hale, Collamer, Clingman, Toombs, and Mason took part.——An attempt to bring up, in the House, the bill for the adjustment of Revolutionary claims failing, the House considered the private calendar, when a score of bills were passed. The Senate bill relative to the recaptured Africans was taken up, and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

THE SENATORIAL PLATFORM.

The following are the Davis resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That in the adoption of the federal Constitution the States adopting the same acted severally as free and independent sovereignties, delegating a portion of their powers to be exercised by the federal Government for the increased security of each against dangers, domestic as well as foreign, and that any intermeddling by any one or more States, or by a combination of their citizens, with the domestic institutions of the others, on any pretext, whether political, moral, or religious, with the view to their disturbance or subversion, is in violation of the Constitution, insulting to the States so interfered with, endangers their domestic peace and tranquil-

itly—objects for which the Constitution was formed—and, by necessary consequence, serves to weaken and destroy the Union itself.

2. *Resolved*, That negro slavery, as it exists in fifteen States of this Union, composes an important portion of their domestic institutions, inherited from their ancestors and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, by which it is recognized as constituting an important element of apportionment of powers among the States, and that no change of opinion or feeling on the part of the non-slaveholding States of the Union in relation to this institution can justify them or their citizens in open or covert attacks thereon, with a view to its overthrow; and all such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledge to protect and defend each other given by the States respectively on entering into the constitutional compact which formed the Union, and are a manifest breach of faith and a violation of the most solemn obligations.

3. *Resolved*, That the Union of these States rests on the equality of rights and privileges among its members, and that it is especially the duty of the Senate, which represents the States in their sovereign capacity, to resist all attempts to discriminate, either in relation to person or property, so as in the Territories—which are the common possession of the United States—to give advantages to the citizens of one State which are not equally assured to those of every other State.

4. *Resolved*, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses the power to annul or impair the constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories, and there hold and enjoy the same while the Territorial condition remains.

5. *Resolved*, That if experience should at any time prove that the judiciary and executive authority do not possess the means to insure adequate protection to constitutional rights in a Territory, and if the Territorial Government should fail or refuse to provide the necessary remedies for that purpose, it will be the duty of Congress to supply such deficiency.

6. *Resolved*, That the inhabitants of a Territory of the United States, when they rightfully form a constitution to be admitted as a State into the Union, may then, for the first time, like the people of a State when forming a new constitution, decide for themselves whether slavery, as a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited within their jurisdiction; and if Congress admit them as a State, "they shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

7. *Resolved*, That the provision of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor, "without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed," and the laws of 1793 and 1850, which were enacted to secure its execution, and the main features of which, being similar, bear the impress of nearly seventy years of sanction by the highest judicial authority, should be honestly and faithfully observed and maintained by all who enjoy the benefits of our compact of Union; and that all acts of individuals or of State Legislatures to defeat the purpose or nullify the requirements of that provision, and the laws made in pursuance of it, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effects.

MR. SEWARD ON THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

The Central Republican Committee has received the following letter from Hon. William H. Seward, in reply to an invitation to attend a meeting to ratify the nomination of Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin:

"Auburn, *May* 21, 1860.

"Gentlemen,—I will not affect to conceal the sensibility with which I have received the letters in which you, and so many other respected friends, have tendered to me expressions of renewed and enduring confidence. These letters will remain with me as assurances, in future years, that, although I was not unwilling to wait, even for another age, the vindication of my political principles, yet that they did, nevertheless, receive the generous support of many good, wise, and patriotic men of my own time.

"Such assurances, however made, under the circumstances now existing, derive their priceless value largely from the fact that they steal upon me through the channels of private correspondence, and altogether unknown to the world. You will at once perceive that such expressions would become painful to me, and justly offensive to the community, if they should be allowed to take on any public or conventional form of manifestation. For this reason, if it were respectful and consistent with your own public purposes, I would have delayed my reply to you until I could have had an opportunity of making it verbally, next week, on my way to Washington, after completing the arrangements for the repairs upon my dwelling here, rendered necessary by a recent fire.

"The same reason determines me also to decline your kind invitation to attend the meeting in which you propose some demonstrations of respect to myself, while so justly considering the nominations which have been made by the recent National Convention at Chicago. At the same time it is your right to have a frank and candid exposition of my own opinions and sentiments on that important subject.

"My friends know very well that, while they have always generously made my promotion to public trusts their own exclusive care, mine has only been to execute them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their assigned terms, to resign them into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The presentation of my name to the Chicago Convention was thus their act, not mine. The disappointment, therefore, is their disappointment, not mine. It may have found them unprepared. On the other hand, I have no sentiment either of disappointment or discontent; for who in any possible case could, without presumption, claim that a great national party ought to choose him for its candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people? I find in the resolutions of the Convention a platform as satisfactory to me as if it had been framed with my own hands, and in the candidates adopted by it eminent and able Republicans, with whom I have cordially co-operated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support.

"I trust, moreover, that those with whom I have labored so long that common service in a noble cause has created between them and myself relations of personal friendship unsurpassed in the experience of political men, will indulge me in a confident belief that no sense of disappointment will be allowed by them to hinder or delay, or in any way to embarrass, the progress of that cause to the consummation which is demanded by a patriotic regard to the safety and welfare of the country and the best interests of mankind.

"I am, sincerely and respectfully,
"Your friend and obedient servant,
"William H. Seward.

"*To Messrs. Charles C. Nott, William H. Bull, A. J. Williamson, C. S. Spencer, and F. W. Shepherd—for the Republican Central Committee.*"

THE JAPANESE AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Japanese Embassy arrived at the navy-yard about three o'clock P.M. on 24th, in company with two of the Naval Commission, and were received by Captain Buchanan, who welcomed them in a brief and felicitous manner. The chief of the Embassy feelingly responded. Among the officers of the yard who were assiduous in their endeavors to please the distinguished guests, we noticed Commander William M'Blair, Lieutenant William L. Murray, Lieutenant Charles C. Simms, Commander John A. Dahlgreen, Lieutenant H. H. Lewis, Lieutenant Sommerville Nicholson, Lieutenant William Gwinn, Lieutenant F. Ramsey, Purser R. T. Allison, and Dr. James Vansant.

The first point of interest visited was the forging department, where the Embassy were astonished at beholding the forging of a main stem of a large anchor. From their continuous jargon and smiling faces we judged they were greatly astonished, and more than delighted with the arrangements of the establishment. They then proceeded to the steam boiler department, and were evidently delighted with a large new boiler destined for the steamer *Pensacola*, as they examined it minutely. They next proceeded to the punching establishment of the boiler department. The mode of drilling amused them very much. They appeared loth to leave this establishment. The machinery department was next visited. The large engine intended for the ship *Pensacola* excited their wonderment in an eminent degree. Leaving this establishment they proceeded to the ordnance department. The brass furnace attached to the establishment enlisted their undivided attention. The manufacture of the percussion caps and the mode of filling them, together with the making of the Minié rifle-balls, and the casting of a brass howitzer, and the process of finishing it off, elicited from them encomiums of a character highly flattering to American enterprise. The Chief Commissioner himself was deeply interested in this establishment, and gave unmistakable evidences of his delight, amazement, and appreciation of our Yankee way of doing up things.

The laboratory was next visited. This establishment attracted considerable attention. For their benefit a great deal of powder, in the shape of signal lights, as used in the navy, was exploded, with which they manifested evident delight.

After this the Embassadors sat for their photographs, in the open air. The officers of the yard, together with the servants of the Embassy, and the reporters, were arranged in a group behind. The entire group will be gotten up in a handsome style, and presented to them before leaving for home.

The exercise of the celebrated Dahlgreen gun and howitzer was to them highly satisfactory. The balls, as they skimmed along the river, excited largely their wonderment. The shell foundery, and the blacksmith's establishment, and the casting establishment, were each visited. At the latter they witnessed the casting of part of the machinery intended for the ship *Pensacola*, and were delighted therewith. The extending of an immense chain by hydraulic pressure excited greatly their curiosity.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAUGHT.

Letters from Key West give the particulars of the arrival at that place, on the 12th inst., of the United States steamship *Wyandotte*, Lieutenant Commanding Fabius Stanley, having in tow as a prize the bark *William*, late of Baltimore, with five hundred and sixty negroes on board. The capture was made off the Isle of Pines, south side of Cuba, just as preparations were being made for the landing and enslavement of this cargo of humanity. The fortunate negroes were to have been landed at Key West on the 14th inst.

DEATH OF HON. W. C. PRESTON.

The Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, died on Wednesday at the capital of that State. Mr. Preston was born in Philadelphia, December 27, 1794, while his father, then a member from Virginia, was attending Congress in that city. He was, on his maternal side, descended from Patrick Henry. As a student at the University of South Carolina, he was distinguished for his fluency of speech and readiness in debate. In 1812 he graduated, and, returning to Richmond, entered the office of William Wirt, with whom he studied law.

From 1816 to 1819 he traveled in Europe, and was admitted to the bar after his return in 1821, commencing the practice of law in Virginia. He removed to Columbia, South Carolina, in the following year, where he achieved distinction and success at the bar. Two years later he was elected to Congress, where he distinguished himself by his devotion to Free Trade and State Rights. In 1832 he was elected to the United States Senate as the colleague of Mr. Calhoun, and at once took a high position as a debater. He resigned his place in the Senate in 1842, and returned to his practice in South Carolina.

He became President of the University of the State in 1845, and continued in that position till 1851, when ill health compelled him to resign. Since that time he has lived in retirement. Mr. Preston was a singularly eloquent man, and his influence over a popular assemblage was truly electrical. In private life he was gracefully natural, amiable, and fascinating, and made many warm and devoted friends. As a rhetorician, he was equaled by few and surpassed by none.

PERSONAL.

The Prince de Joinville has gone to Washington. He is the third son of Louis Philippe, was born at Neuilly in 1818, and received the baptismal names of Francois-Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Marie-D'Orleans. At an early age he entered the French navy, and particularly distinguished himself at the taking of St. Jean d'Ulloa. In 1841 he took charge of the expedition commissioned to bring from St. Helena to Paris the remains of Napoleon I., commanding the frigate *Belle Poule*. In 1843 he married a Brazilian princess. In 1848, with the rest of the Orleans family, he sought refuge in England, where he has since resided. The Prince de Joinville has visited this country before now. While his father was king, he crossed the ocean and took a tour through the United States, being honored in New York with a grand dinner tendered him by the authorities and leading citizens.

A young lady of Uniontown, Kentucky, having read many novels and written a few "novellettes"—so the local papers say—formed an attachment for a young gentleman, which was not appreciated or reciprocated. She procured a gun, placed the muzzle against her head and pulled the trigger with her toe, blowing out her brains, and killing herself instantly.

Ex-President Pierce and his former Secretary, Mr. Sidney Webster, were in town on Saturday. The *Daily News* says: "Both are looking contented and convalescent—the former having changed his appearance a good deal by letting his full beard grow, and a very grisly crop it is. Mr. Webster is smiling and urbane as usual—very impressive in his delivery of remagks eulogistic of President Buchanan, and very sound, as we take it, on the issues involved in the Douglas controversy. Mr. Pierce smiles a little more than he was in the habit of smiling when a tenant of the White House; and he has contracted, during his long residence abroad, that peculiar shrug of the shoulders, which is the French gentleman's best eloquence. What mischief, if any, this conjunction may portend, the future must be left to develop. In the mean time, and before the conspiracy is discovered, we congratulate both gentlemen on their good looks."

A German, named Frederick Staley, residing in Rochester, recently killed himself by blowing his brains out with a pistol. A woman whom he loved, but from whom he differed in religion, had pertinaciously refused to marry him. Hence the slaughter.

The Hon. George Ticknor has recently presented nearly 2000 volumes to the Boston Public Library, as the foundation for a collection of standard works of reference, to be always kept on the shelves of the Library, and thus available to every visitor.

Almira Lewis was, on Friday, convicted at Rochester of poisoning the family of a Mr. Pettengill, and was, on Saturday, sentenced to be confined for ten years in the Prison at Sing Sing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

At latest dates Lord Malmesbury had obtained from the Ministry an explanation of the state of Central American diplomacy. The information elicited was already current here. Mr. Haliburton had called attention to French aggressions in Newfoundland, declaring that the recent fortifications and naval stations of that Power controlled the entrance to the St. Lawrence. Lord John Russell said the subject had been examined by the law officers of the Crown, who discovered no infraction of right on the part of the French. Spirited correspondence had passed between Earl Grey and Lord John Russell relative to the course of these statesmen upon the Reform question.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT TO BE RENEWED.

Heenan writes as follows: "I am glad to say, however, that through the determination of Mr. Wilkes, I have got a day set for a new battle, but I can not mention it at present, as it would come back here in time to interrupt the meeting. In the mean time, I think I shall go over to Ireland to train, or to some place, at any rate, where I shall not be harassed as I was before. They gave me a pretty rough time of it with their warrants and notices to quit, and I want no more of that kind of exercise. I must say, however, that I have but little faith in being able to get the belt, though I have the most perfect confidence in being able win it in less than half an hour. The persons who were willing to bet 100 to 40 against me before will not let me have it under any circumstances; and it must not be forgotten that Mr. Dowling, who showed me so much favor at the last fight, is looked up to by the boxers here as the natural protector of the trophy of Old England. There are a hundred difficulties in the way, and the fighting part is, so far as I am concerned, the least one of all. They now say that the Government will surely interfere to prevent us if we attempt to meet again, and in addition to this, they threaten to prosecute us both for what we have already done. Rather tight on the American people that! as the boys say at home; and, to tell you the truth, I am a little uneasy that they may keep their word. Under this state of things, I shouldn't much wonder now to see Sayers arrested for the first time; and if that course is taken, and he is bound over in a heavy sum, I shall be told that it is not his fault he can not meet me, and the stakes will be drawn, and he will keep the belt, for his term is out some time in June. To become Champion after that I should have to wait till a new belt is subscribed for, and then I would have to fight for it with plenty of the 100-to-40 fellows around to help me to win it. However, I shall stick to my point as long as I can, and get a new meeting out of Sayers if possible. So, if I do not bring over the belt, nobody shall say that I did not take every fair chance to get it. But I must hold up here, for I have now written the longest letter almost that I ever wrote in my life.

"Please give my regards to all friends, and believe me,
Truly yours,
"J. C. Heenan.

"P.S.—We will have no speculation in the next fight in the way of railroad trains or three-guinea tickets. There will be merely a party of twenty-five a side, seconds, principals, spectators, and all told, and then I hope and think that the best man may win. J. C. H."

A LETTER FROM TOM SAYERS.

The following letter has appeared in the London *Times:*

"Sir,—The period has arrived when it becomes my duty to thank the great British public for the patronage they have bestowed upon me.

"It is not for me to pass any remark upon my late struggle, when the New World was pitted against the Old; but one thing I can say in honesty, that I did my best for the land of my birth and dearest affections. I had opposed to me one worthy of me, and whose activity, rapidity, and pluck, it was no small task to encounter. Sprung from our own race, the Americans inherit our best qualities, and as our conflicts with them have, in the process of time, ended in peace, so may every bitterness engendered by the late struggle for the championship pass away for ever! Upon my own part, and that of my children, I humbly offer to you my most grateful thanks, and I trust, to whatever period Providence will extend my life, that no act of mine, either in private or in public life, will be unworthy of one who has received the notice of the *Times* newspaper.

"I remain, Sir, etc.,
"Tom Sayers, Champion of England.

"London, *Sunday, May* 6."

FRANCE.

A BALL AT M. FOULD'S.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "At the ball of Minister Fould, who, as you are aware, belongs to one of the tribes of Israel, by a peculiar combination of ideas the costumes of all the different nations of the world were prevalent. The Emperor remained longer than usual, and a rich scene occurred by his being taken for one of my German friends, who wore a domino exactly like his. Engaging in conversation with a young lady, a step-daughter of Prince H——, in German, which language he speaks as fluently as a Teuton, she supposed him to be an acquaintance of hers, a young German, with whose uncle her family had been on the most intimate terms, and of whom she had kept the most pleasant recollections. When, therefore, after a short conversation, the domino asked her the rather critical, but on such occasions not at all unusual question: 'Schone Maske, liebst du mein auch?' (Do you love me?) she replied without hesitation: 'I do not know you well enough, but your uncle has always commanded my affections.' 'Uncle?' the 'nephew' was struck. He had been recognized, and being not at all displeased, took off his mask for a moment, thereby frightening the young lady a good deal.

THE GREAT BAL MASQUE.

"For several weeks, however, every body was on tiptoe for the *bal masqué* at the Hôtel d'Albe, which, it was said, would surpass any thing heretofore attempted. The spacious and brilliantly-illuminated *salons* were filled at ten o'clock, and about an hour later the Emperor and Empress made their appearance, both wearing dominos. The Princess Mathilde appeared in the costume of an Indian; for which purpose, report says, she sat for three hours to an artist coloring her skin to suit the complexion of your savages of the Far West. The Princess Clotilde (who, by-the-way, does not look as morose as she did when she entered Paris since the acquisition of Lombardy and the Central Italian States by the house of Savoy) was dressed as a shepherdess of the time of Louis XV. The grand feature of the evening was a quadrille executed by sixteen ladies representing the four elements—Fire, Water, Air, and Earth—four being dressed alike, and impersonating one of the elements. Such was the admiration of the vast throng of distinguished spectators for the originality of conception, richness of costumes, and beauty of the leading participators, that the quadrille had to be repeated. Prominent among the ladies of the quadrille were the Princess Czartoriska, daughter of Queen Christina; the Princess de Metternich, the Countesses Walewski, De Morny, and Persigny, the Princess Swiskowska, the Countess de Pourtales, the Princess Obolenska, and many others. The display of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones was dazzling in the extreme. The ladies representing Fire wore diadems of gold, worked to represent that element; their hair was powdered red and interspersed with golden flames. Water was impersonated by nymphs with diamonds and pearls glittering like dew-drops, and dresses ornamented with shells, sea-weeds, and shrubs. The head-dresses of the ladies personifying Air were in the shape of wings, and their hair powdered with silver; and Earth was represented by a horn of plenty of flowers, vegetables, and fruits.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI'S EXPEDITION TO SICILY.

Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily engrosses a large share of public attention. A correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the departure of the expedition from Genoa on the 5th of May, at midnight. It was composed of 2200 volunteers. Three steamers were lying in the offing, to which they were conveyed in detachments from various points along a range of four or five miles of coast. The concentration of any large body on a given spot was avoided, in order not to bring additional perplexity on the Government. Nearly 5000 people of all ranks flocked to the beach to bid the gallant adventurer "God speed." As usual with Garibaldi volunteers, they were of every grade and calling—nobles, soldiers, artists, physicians, down to peasants and workmen. The enthusiasm of the troops in garrison at Genoa has been so roused that it was necessary to confine them to their barracks to prevent their deserting in order to enroll themselves. Garibaldi had sanguine hopes of cutting out some one or other of the Neapolitan frigates which were on the watch for his appearance. Medici, Garibaldi's able lieutenant, was to start in four or five days with 2000 more volunteers.

The expedition is said to have been well provided with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and with twenty-four cannons.

Garibaldi is said to have exchanged for gold 3,000,000 francs in notes at the Bank of Genoa.

EXPECTED REINFORCEMENTS.

The Paris *Patrie* of the 12th contains news from Genoa to the 11th instant, stating that Colonel Media, the friend of Garibaldi, was forwarding the preparations for a second expedition, of which the Colonel would take the command, and for taking part in which 6000 volunteers have already been enrolled. All the arms have been purchased of the manufacturers.

Great excitement prevails at Genoa and Lombardy, from which quarters almost all the volunteers have come; but it is asserted, however, that the energetic diplomaticians will ask the Government to prevent the departure of the second expedition.

The *Patrie* adds, the Neapolitan Government is in a condition to repel all attacks.

The *Opinione Nationale* believes General Garibaldi would disembark at Terracine, on the frontier between the Neapolitan and Papal States. Another variation in the same journal affirms Calabria to be the place of disembarkation.

GARIBALDI'S MANIFESTO.

The Turin correspondent of the London *Times*, of May 7, sends the following letter and proclamation of Garibaldi:

"Genoa, *May* 5, 1860.

"My dear Bertani,—As I am once more about to take a share in the events which are to decide the destinies of the country, I leave the ensuing directions with you: To collect all the means you may obtain to aid us in our enterprise; to give the Italians to understand that if we receive proper assistance Italy will be made in a short time, and with little cost; but that a few barren subscriptions will not acquit them of their duty; that that part of Italy which is free to-day should have, not 100,000, but 500,000 men under arms—the latter number being by no means out of proportion with the population; that it is a proportion attained even by States which have not their independence to secure by conquest. Let Italy have such an army, and she will have no need of foreign masters, sure to eat her up piecemeal, under the pretense of freeing her; that wherever there are Italians fighting against their oppressors, there all brave men should be sent, supplying them with means for the journey; that the Sicilian insurrection should be aided, not in Sicily alone, but wherever her enemies may be met. I never advised this Sicilian movement; but since these brethren of ours are fighting, I deemed it my duty to go to their rescue. Our war cry will always be 'Italy and Victor Emanuel!' I hope even at this juncture the Italian banner will be borne out unscathed. G. Garibaldi."

PROCLAMATION TO THE SOLDIERS.

The evening papers publish another proclamation of Garibaldi:

"Italian Soldiers!—For some centuries the want of concord and discipline led to grievous calamities for our country. To-day nothing can be more admirable than the unanimity which breathes through the whole population, from the Alps to Sicily. Our discipline leaves yet something for us to wish, although both of discipline and valor you gave such instances as may enable the nation to reorganize itself, and appear in a compact unity to those who would enslave it.

"Persevere in your union, Italian youths! ye glorious remnants of the battles fought for your country. Remember that in the North (Venetia) we have still enemies and enslaved brethren; and that the people in the South, when rid of the Pope and the Bourbon, will need your well-organized martial example to prepare for greater conflicts.

"In the name of the reviving country I recommend, therefore, the youth whose presence fills the ranks of our brave army, not to fall away from those ranks, but rather to rally closer under their able commanders, and that Victor, whose bravery may be staggered for one moment by pusillanimous advisers, but will soon resume its ascendency, and, taking the lead once more, show the way to a certain and final victory.

"Giuseppe Garibaldi."

A MANIFESTO FROM MAZZINI.

The following is the text of the proclamation addressed by Mazzini to the Sicilians:

"Sicilians! When I, almost thirty years ago, inscribed on the banner of Young Italy the word 'Unity'—when I said that a popular insurrection might expel Austria from Lombardy, and overthrow the thrones of the despots of Florence, Rome, and Naples, practical men laughed at me for thinking of impossible dreams, and declared as a Utopian scheme what is now the most ardent wish of every Italian—the political unity of that peninsula.

"Facts have justified my assertions: the revolutions of 1848 have proved that not a throne, even when supported by foreign bayonets, could stand against the will of the people; the events which have taken place in Italy during the last twelve months clearly show that unity will be no longer a dream, but a reality, when the people who still groan in chains give a strong and fresh impulse to events, and resume a vigorous initiative.

"Sicilians! Be you the first; show that you have not degenerated since the days of your ancestors. Revolution is permanent in Sicily, says old Europe. Let it be once more right, and let this time be the last. Let insurrection spread from one end to another of your island; fight like heroes, as you are in the habit of doing, and you will be victorious.

"The Government of the Bourbons having been broken down, we will proclaim that which Central Italy has already chosen, the only one that can be called Italian, that of the brave and gallant King. Let us therefore inscribe on our banners the word 'Annexation.'

"Before being a Republican I was in favor of unity, for it appeared to me that a republic alone could lead to it. I was mistaken. Victor Emanuel made Italy progress toward that object; he will lead her to it if the people will assist him. I thus sacrifice old ideas to old principle; and with you, Sicilians, and all the other people of the Italian peninsula, who will henceforth form only one nation with you, I cry, 'Long live Victor Emanuel, King of Italy!'

"Sicilians, the hour has struck! In the name of Italy, to arms! Joseph Mazzini."

THE POPE AND HIS ARMY.

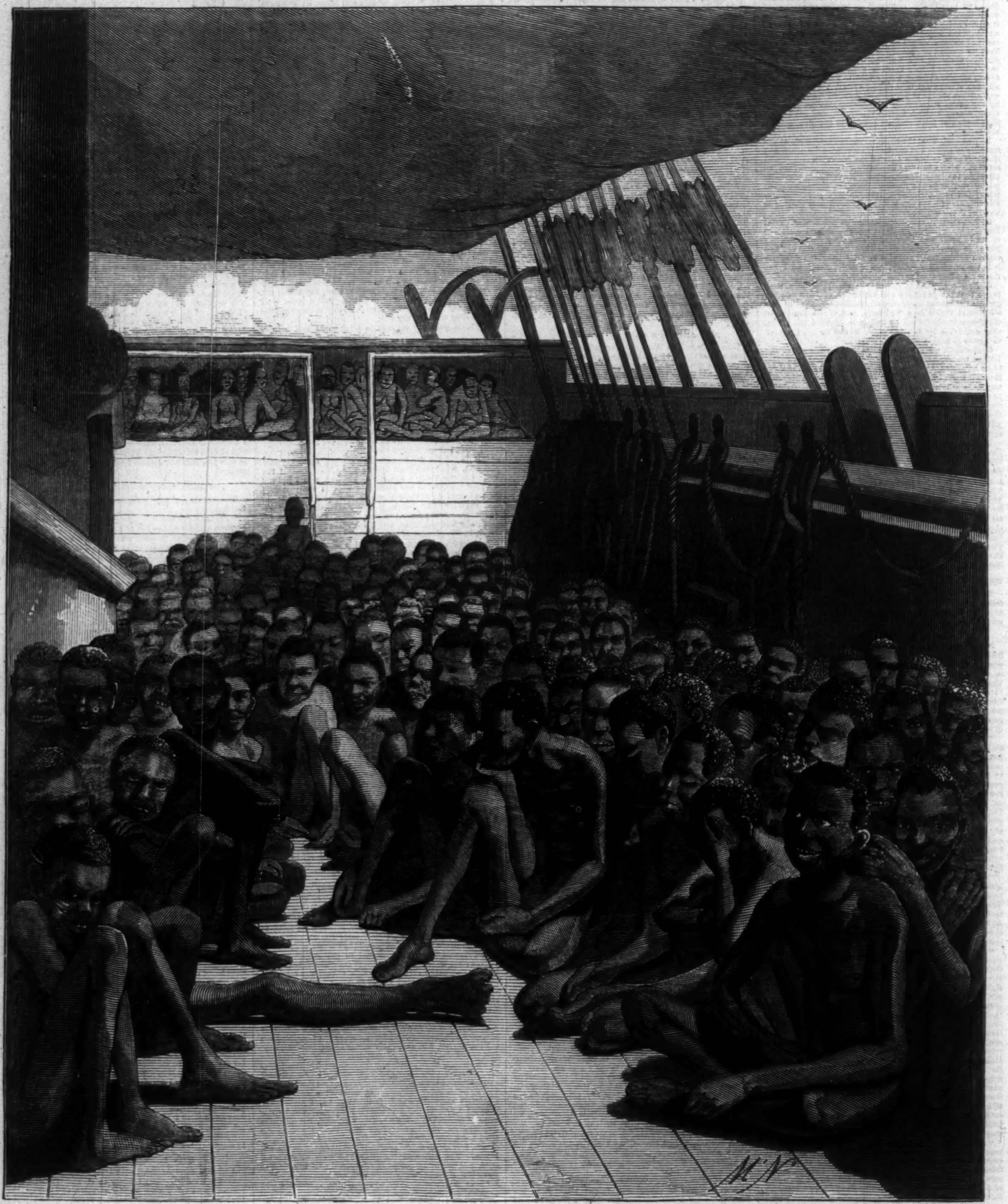
A Roman correspondent writes: "The Pope gets some applause for his worldly wisdom by employing an army. He seems to have been in the position of the traveler 'out West' who claimed exemption from a hotel bill on the ground that he was a clergyman. In the time he had been in the house he had not offered up a prayer or even said grace at table. Bardolph said he admitted the principle that preachers should not be charged, but they should make their profession manifest in works of piety. Said he, 'You came here like a sinner, you ate like a sinner, you drank like a sinner, you slept like a sinner, and now, by Heaven, you shall pay like a sinner.' The Pope taxed his people like a tyrant, oppressed them like a tyrant, fought and killed them by foreign bayonets like a tyrant, and now he gets tyrants' compensation—a successful revolt and fighting in return. So he very wisely concludes he will sink the cassock and cowl and put on the helmet and sword. I hear that at least 500 Irishmen have lately concluded to pay a visit to Rome, and rumor says they have had their expenses paid. Of course no one supposes they go there for any fighting purposes! Still it is barely possible they do."

MEXICO.

MIRAMON DEPOSED.

Late advices received from Mexico announce that Zuloaga had attempted to regain his former place at the head of Government by issuing a proclamation declaring Miramon to be deposed and himself to be the legitimate President. With what support, military or otherwise, this pronunciamento is backed we are unadvised. Miramon is said to be in a sorry way, having met with serious reverses and been obliged to extract further forced loans from the foreign residents. General Uraga, advancing toward the capital at the head of 6000 Liberals, had arrived at Guanajuato.

THE AFRICANS OF THE SLAVE BARK "WILDFIRE."—[From our own Correspondent.]



THE SLAVE DECK OF THE BARK "WILDFIRE," BROUGHT INTO KEY WEST ON APRIL 30, 1860.—[From a Daguerreotype.]

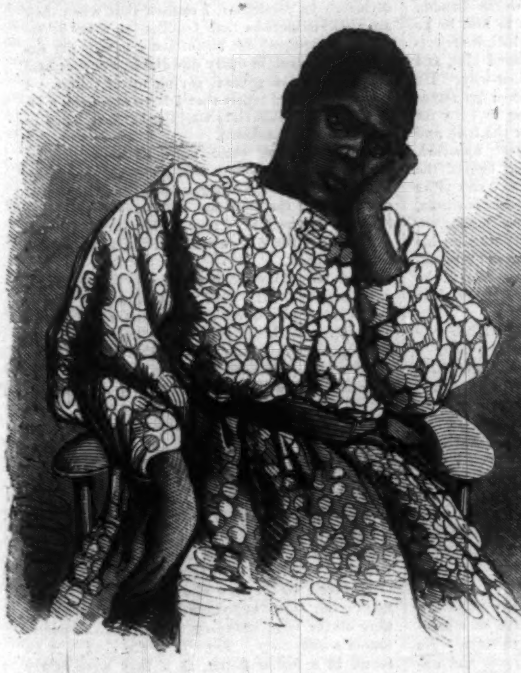
Key West, Florida, *May* 20, 1860.

On the morning of the 30th of April last, the United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven commanding, came to anchor in the harbor of this place, having in tow a bark of the burden of about three hundred and thirty tons, supposed to be the bark *Wildfire*, lately owned in the city of New York. The bark had on board five hundred and ten native Africans, taken on board in the River Congo, on the west side of the continent of Africa. She had been captured a few days previously by Lieutenant Craven within sight of the northern coast of Cuba, as an American vessel employed in violating our laws against the slave-trade. She had left the Congo River thirty-six days before her capture.

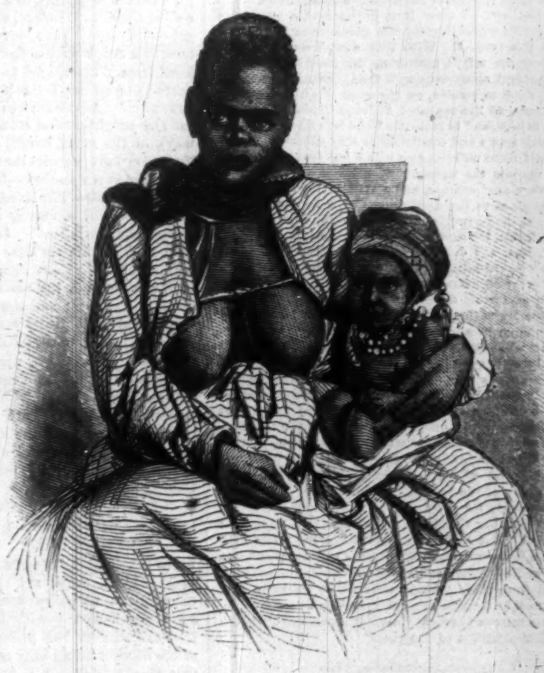
Soon after the bark was anchored we repaired on board, and on passing over the side saw, on the deck of the vessel, about four hundred and fifty native Africans, in a state of entire nudity, in a sitting or squatting posture, the most of them having their knees elevated so as to form a resting-place for their heads and arms. They sat very close together, mostly on either side of the vessel, forward and aft, leaving a narrow open space along the line of the centre for the crew of the vessel to pass to and fro. About fifty of them were full-grown young men, and about four hundred were boys aged from ten to sixteen years. It is said by persons acquainted with the slave-trade and who saw them, that they were generally in a very good condition of health and flesh, as compared with other similar cargoes, owing to the fact that they had not been so much crowded together on board as is common in slave voyages, and had been better fed than usual. It is said that the bark is capable of carrying, and was prepared to carry, one thousand, but not being able without inconvenient delay to procure so many, she sailed with six hundred. Ninety and upward had died on the voyage. But this is considered as comparatively a small loss, showing that they had been better cared for than usual. Ten more have died since their arrival, and there are about forty more sick in the hospital. We saw on board about six or seven boys and men greatly emaciated, and diseased past recovery, and about a hundred that showed decided evidences of suffering from inanition, exhaustion, and disease. Dysentery was the principal disease. But notwithstanding their sufferings, we could not be otherwise than interested and amused at their strange looks, motions, and actions. The well ones looked happy and contented, and were ready at any moment to join in a song or a dance whenever they were directed to do so by "Jack"—a little fellow as black as ebony, about twelve years old, having a handsome and expressive face, an intelligent look, and a sparkling eye. The sailors on the voyage had dressed "Jack" in sailor costume, and had made him a great pet. When we were on board "Jack" carried about in his hand a short cord, not only as the emblem but also as the instrument of his brief delegated authority. He would make the men and boys stand up, sit down, sing, or dance just as he directed. When they sang "Jack" moved around among them as light as a cat, and beat the time by slapping his hands together, and if any refused to sing, or sang out of time, Jack's cord descended on their backs. Their singing was monotonous. The words we did not understand. We have rarely seen a more happy and merry-looking fellow than "Jack."

From the deck we descended into the cabin, where we saw sixty or seventy women and young girls, in Nature's dress, some sitting on the floor and others on the lockers, and some sick ones lying in the berths. Four or five of them were a good deal tattooed on the back and arms, and we noticed that three had an arm branded with the figure "7," which, we suppose, is the merchant's mark.

On the day of their arrival the sickest, about forty in all, were landed and carried to a building on the public grounds belonging to Fort Taylor, and Doctors Whitehurst and Skrine employed as medical attendants. We visited them in the afternoon. The United States Marshal had procured for all of them shirts, and pants for the men, and some benevolent ladies of the city had sent the



THE PRINCESS MADIA.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]



THE ONLY BABY AMONG THE AFRICANS.—[DAGUERREOTYPED.]

girls and women gowns. Six or eight were very sick; the others did not appear to be in any immediate danger of dying. We were very much amused by a young lad about fifteen years old, not much sick, who had got on, probably for the first time in his life, a whole shirt, and who seemed to be delighted with every body and every thing he saw. He evidently thought the speech of the white man was very funny. When a few words were spoken to him he immediately repeated them with great glee. Pointing to Dr. Skrine, we said "Doctor." He said "Doctor." And then pointing to Dr. Whitehurst, we said "Doctor too." He said "Doctor too." The doctors had selected from the bark a woman about twenty-four years of age to assist the nurse in taking care of the sick. She had been dressed in a clean calico frock, and looked very respectably. About sundown they all lay down for the night upon a camp-bed, and were covered over with blankets. And now a scene took place which interested us very much, but which we did not understand and can not explain. The woman standing up slapped her hands together once or twice, and as soon as all were silent she commenced a sort of recitation, song, or prayer, in tone and manner much like a chanting of the Litany in Catholic churches, and every few moments the voices of ten or fifteen others were heard in the same tone, as if responding. This exercise continued about a minute. Now what could this be? It looked and sounded to us very much like Christians chanting together an evening prayer on retiring to rest. And yet we feel quite assured that none of these persons had ever heard of Christ, or had learned Christian practices, or possessed much, if any, knowledge of God as a Creator or Preserver of the world. We suspect that it was not understood by them as a religious exercise at all, but as something which they had been trained to go through at the barracoons in Africa or on board the ship.

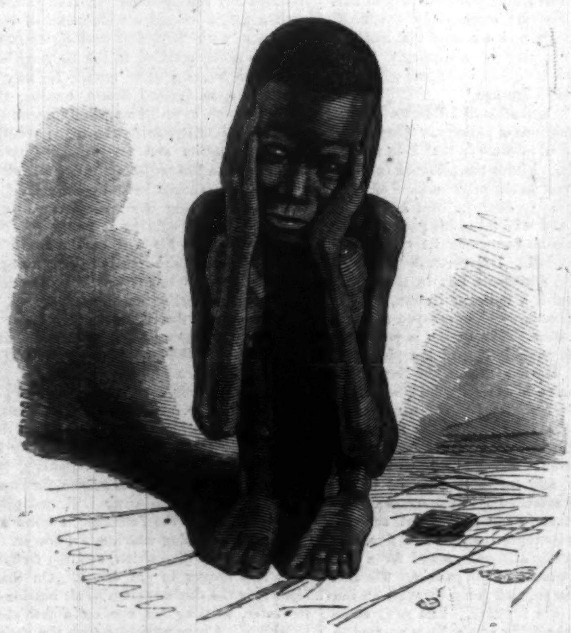
In two days after the arrival of the bark the Marshal had completed a large, airy building at Whitehead's Point, a little out of the town, for the reception and accommodation of these people; and after getting them clad as well as he could in so short a time, they were all landed on the fort wharf, and carried in carts to their quarters. On arriving there they all arranged themselves along the sides of the building, as they had been accustomed to do on the decks of the vessel, and squatted down in the same manner. It took the Marshal and his assistants some little time, and no small efforts, to give the Africans to understand that they were free to move about, to go out and come in at will. They learned this in the course of a few hours, however, and general merriment and hilarity prevailed. We visited them in the afternoon, and have done so several times since; and we confess that we have been struck, as many others have been, with the expression of intelligence displayed in their faces, the beauty of their physical conformation, and the beauty of their teeth. We have been accustomed to think that the civilized negroes of our own country were superior, in point of intelligence and physical development, to the native Africans; but judging only by the eye, we think it would be difficult to find, any where in our own country, four hundred finer and handsomer-looking boys and girls than these are. To be sure you often saw the elongated occiput, the protruded jaws, and the receding forehead; but you also often saw a head as round, with features as regular as any European's, except the universal flat noses. Little "Jack" has a head as round as an apple.

A number of these negroes—perhaps twelve or fifteen in all—have been more or less at and about Loando, a Portuguese town on the coast, and have learned to speak a little Portuguese. Through an interpreter we learned from them that some four or five—perhaps more, but probably not many—had been baptized at the Roman Catholic missionary station at Loando. Francisco, a young man, says he was baptized by a Franciscan friar in Loando; that he was a slave in Africa, and does not wish to return there. He says he had rather be a slave to the white man in this country. Salvador, a bright-looking, smart lad, has been baptized. Constantia says she was baptized in Loando. She does not remember her father; she was stolen away when she was young, and was sold by her brother. Antonia and Amelia are both fine-looking young women, aged about twenty, and were both baptized at Loando. Madia, a pagan, unbaptized, aged about twenty, has obtained among the white people here who have visited the quarters the name of "The Princess," on account of her fine personal appearance and the deference that seemed to be paid to her by some of her companions. The persons we have here mentioned, including some eight or ten others, evidently do not belong to the same tribe that the rest do. Indeed the whole number is evidently taken from different tribes living in the interior of Africa, but the greater number are "Congos." The women we have named have cut or shaved the hair off the back part of their head, from a point on the crown to the back part of either ear. It is the fashion of their tribe. None of the other women are thus shorn. Many of the men, women, boys, and girls have filed their front teeth—some by sharpening them to a point, and others by cutting down the two upper front teeth. The persons above named have their teeth in a natural state. Perhaps fifty in all are tattooed more or less.

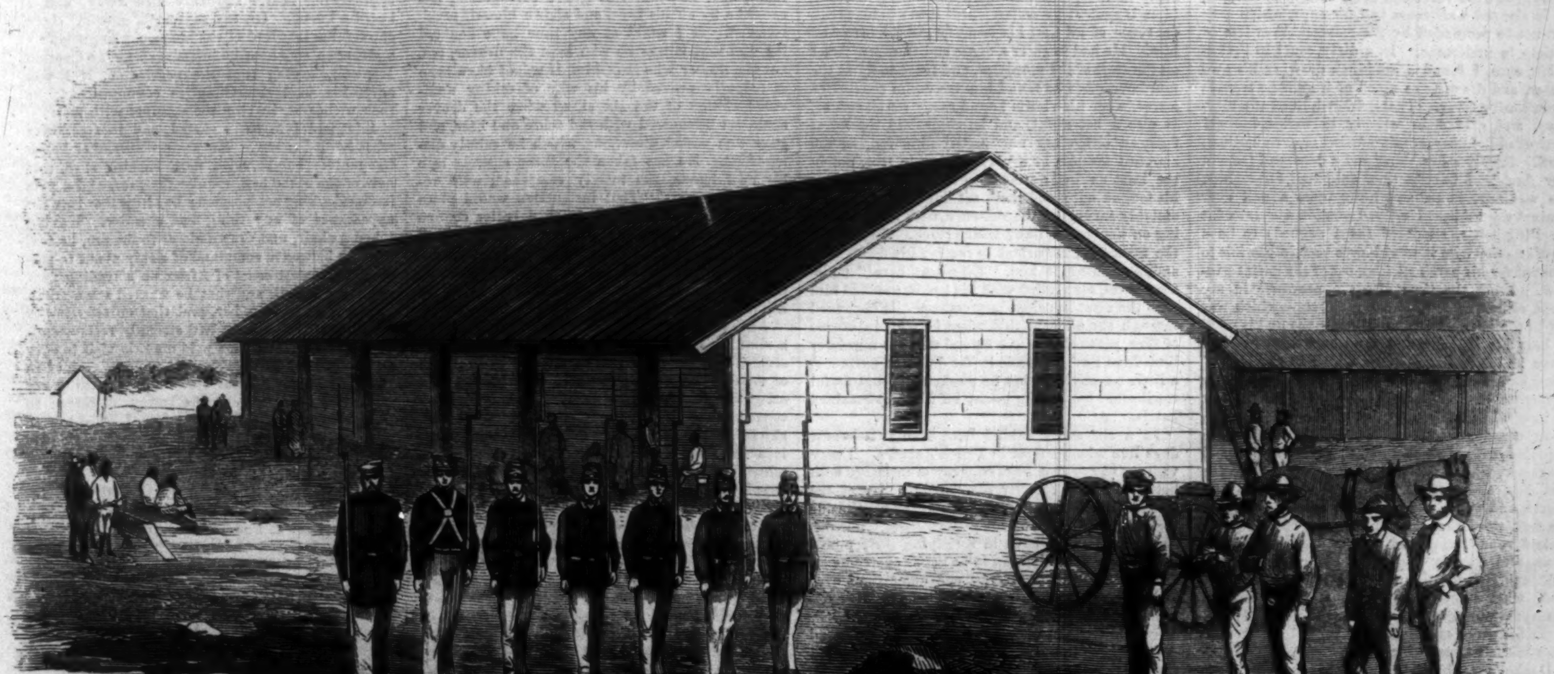
Travelers describe the natives of Congo as being small of stature, cheerful, good-humored, unreflecting, and possessed of little energy either of mind or body. Negro indolence is carried with them to the utmost excess. The little cultivation that exists, entirely carried on by the females, is nearly limited to the manioc root, which they are not very skillful in preparing. Their houses are put together of mats made from the fibre of the palm-tree, and their clothes and bedding consist merely of matted grass.

The President, on receiving news of the capture of the *Wildfire*, sent a special message to Congress on the subject, from which we give an extract below. The subsequent capture of another slave ship with more Africans will probably lead to some enactment on the subject. The President says:

> "The expenditure for the Africans captured on board the *Wildfire* will not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, and may considerably exceed that sum. But it will not be sufficient for Congress to limit the amount appropriated to the case of the *Wildfire*. It is probable, judging from the increased activity of the slave-trade and the vigilance of our cruisers, that several similar captures may be made before the end of the year. An appropriation ought, therefore, to be



AN AFRICAN.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]



THE BARRACOON AT KEY WEST, WHERE THE AFRICANS ARE CONFINED.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

granted large enough to cover such contingencies. The period has arrived when it is indispensable to provide some specific legislation for the guidance of the Executive on this subject. With this view, I would suggest that Congress might authorize the President to enter into a general agreement with the Colonization Society, binding them to receive, on the coast of Africa from our agent there, all the captured Africans which may be delivered to him, and to maintain them for a limited period, upon such terms and conditions as may combine humanity toward these unfortunates with a just economy. This would obviate the necessity of making a new bargain with every new capture, and would prevent delay and avoid expense in the disposition of the captured. The law might then provide that, in all cases where this may be practicable, the captor should carry the negroes directly to Africa, and deliver them to the American agent there, afterward bringing the captured vessel to the United States for adjudication.

"The capturing officer, in case he should bring his prize directly to the United States, ought to be required to land the negroes in some one or more ports to be designated by Congress, where the prevailing health throughout the year is good. At these ports cheap but permanent accommodations might be provided for the negroes until they could be sent away, without incurring the expense of erecting such accommodations at every port where the capturing officer may think proper to enter. On the present occasion these negroes have been brought to Key West; and, according to the estimate presented by the Marshal of the Southern District of Florida to the Secretary of the Interior, the cost of providing temporary quarters for them will be $2500, and the aggregate expenses for the single month of May will amount to $12,000. But this is far from being the worst evil. Within a few weeks the yellow fever will most probably prevail at Key West; and hence the Marshal urges their removal from their present quarters at an early day, which must be done in any event as soon as practicable. For these reasons I earnestly commend this subject to the immediate attention of Congress."

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. IX.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One of the pleasantest things I have lately met with, in a vagabond course of shy metropolitan neighborhoods and small shops, is the fancy of an humble artist, as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Sayers, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Heenan, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly colored, in fighting trim, and fighting attitude. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Heenan is represented on emerald sward, with primroses and other modest flowers springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impelled to the administration of his favorite blow, the Auctioneer, by the silent eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, urge both heroes to go in and win; and the lark and other singing-birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically caroling their thanks to Heaven for a fight. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Izaak Walton.

But it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes we may return to such neighborhoods when leisure and inclination serve.

Nothing in shy neighborhoods perplexes my mind more than the bad company birds keep. Foreign birds often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in St. Giles's; and I always find them in poor and immoral neighborhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and even the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is this? Also they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they can not be persuaded by the respectable orders of society to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfields, once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water, and drawing as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-shop, and offered in writing to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen-stuff. Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch! I bought that goldfinch for money. He was sent home and hung upon a nail over against my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, supposed (as I argued) to be a dyer's; otherwise it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out of the garret window. From the time of his appearance in my room, either he left off being thirsty—which was not in the bond—or he could not make up his mind to hear his little bucket drop back into his well when he let it go: a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble. He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the door-way of the room, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased, he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water; and finally leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill as if he had been to the nearest wine-vaults and got drunk.

Donkeys again. I know shy neighborhoods where the Donkey goes in at the street door, and appears to live up stairs, for I have examined the back yard from over the palings, and have been unable to make him out. Gentility, nobility, royalty, would appeal to that donkey in vain to do what he does for a costermonger. Feed him with oats at the highest price, put an infant prince and princess in a pair of panniers on his back, adjust his delicate trappings to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes at Windsor, and try what pace you can get out of him. Then starve him, harness him anyhow to a truck with a flat tray on it, and see him bowl from Whitechapel to Bayswater. There appears to be no particular private understanding between birds and donkeys in a state of nature; but in the shy neighborhood state you shall see them always in the same hands, and always developing their very best energies for the very worst company. I have known a donkey—by sight; we were not on speaking terms—who lived over on the Surrey side of London Bridge, among the fastnesses of Jacob's Island and Dockhead. It was the habit of that animal, when his services were not in immediate requisition, to go out alone, idling. I have met him, a mile from his place of residence, loitering about the streets; and the expression of his countenance at such times was most degraded. He was attached to the establishment of an elderly lady who sold periwinkles, and he used to stand on Saturday nights with a cartful of those delicacies outside a gin-shop, pricking up his ears when a customer came to the cart, and too evidently deriving satisfaction from the knowledge that they got bad measure. His mistress was sometimes overtaken by inebriety. The last time I ever saw him (about five years ago) he was in circumstances of difficulty, caused by this failing. Having been left along with the cart of periwinkles, and forgotten, he went off idling. He prowled among his usual low haunts for some time, gratifying his depraved taste, until, not taking the cart into his calculations, he endeavored to turn up a narrow alley, and became greatly involved. He was taken into custody by the police, and the Green Yard of the district being near at hand, was backed into that place of durance. At that crisis I encountered him; the stubborn sense he evinced of being—not to compromise the expression—a blackguard, I never saw exceeded in the human subject. A flaring candle in a paper shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged harness broken and his cart extensively shattered, twitching his mouth and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obduracy. I have seen boys being taken to station-houses who were as like him as his own brother.

The dogs of shy neighborhoods I observe to avoid play, and to be conscious of poverty. They avoid work too, if they can, of course; that is in the nature of all animals. I have the pleasure to know a dog in a back street in the neighborhood of Walworth, who has greatly distinguished himself in the minor drama, and who takes his portrait with him when he makes an engagement for the illustration of the play-bill. His portrait (which is not at all like him) represents him in the act of dragging to the earth a recreant Indian, who is supposed to have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk, a British officer. The design is pure poetry, for there is no such Indian in the piece and no such incident. He is a dog of the Newfoundland breed, for whose honesty I would be bail to any amount, but whose intellectual qualities in association with the dramatic fiction I can not rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. Being at a town in Yorkshire last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. His first scene was eminently successful; but, as it occupied a second in its representation (and five lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cool and deliberate judgment of his powers. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window after a comic fugitive. The next scene of importance to the fable was a little marred in its interest by his overanxiety: forasmuch as while his master (a belated soldier in a den of robbers on a tempestuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and laying great stress on the fact that he was thirty leagues away, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar. But it was in his greatest scene of all that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest on the trail of the murderer, and there to fly at the murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. It was a hot night, and he came into the forest from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate trot, not in the least excited; trotted to the foot-lights with his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amiably surveying the audience, with his tail beating on the boards, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was audibly calling to him, "Co-o-ome here!" while the victim, struggling with his bonds, assailed him with the most injurious expressions. It happened through these means that when he was, in course of time, persuaded to trot up and rend the murderer limb from limb, he made it (for dramatic purposes) a little too obvious that he worked out that awful retribution by licking butter off his blood-stained hands.

In a shy street behind Long-acre two honest dogs live who perform in Punch's shows. I may venture to say that I am on terms of intimacy with both, and that I never saw either guilty of the falsehood of failing to look down at the man inside the show during the whole performance. The difficulty other dogs have in satisfying their minds about these dogs, appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must encounter them over and over again, as they trudge along in their off-minutes behind the legs of the show and beside the drum; but all dogs seem to suspect their frills and jackets, and to sniff at them as if they thought those articles of personal adornment an eruption—a something in the nature of mange, perhaps. From this Covent Garden window of mine I noticed a country dog, only the other day, who had come up to Covent Garden Market under a cart, and had broken his cord, an end of which he still trailed along with him. He loitered about the corners of the four streets commanded by my window; and bad London dogs came up, and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs came up, and made proposals to him to go and steal in the market, which his principles rejected; and the ways of the town confused him, and he crept aside and lay down in a door-way. He had scarcely got a wink of sleep when up comes Punch with Toby. He was darting to Toby for consolation and advice, when he saw the frill, and stopped in the middle of the street, appalled. The show was pitched, Toby retired behind the drapery, the audience formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drama by appearing on his ledge, and to him entered Punch, who put a tobacco-pipe into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fled due west.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I know a bull-dog in a shy corner of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to public-houses and lay wagers on him, and obliges him to lean against posts and look at him, and forces him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid coercion. I once knew a fancy terrier that kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his glorification, and the gentleman never talked about any thing but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighborhood, and is a digression, consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighborhoods who keep boys. I have my eye on a mongrel in Somers Town who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows, and unburrow rats (he can do neither), and he takes the boys out on sporting pretenses into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses some mysterious knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead Ponds, with a pickle-jar and a wide-mouthed bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who keeps a blind man. He may be seen, most days, in Oxford Street, hauling the blind man away on expeditions wholly uncontemplated by, and unintelligible to, the man: wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will sit down in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him yesterday, wearing the money-tray like an easy collar instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow—he was so intent on that direction. The north wall of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. They sit (very uncomfortably) on a sloping board there, and compare notes. Their dogs may always be observed, at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep, to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again. At a small butcher's, in a shy neighborhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name; it is by Notting Hill, and gives upon the district called the Potteries), I know a shaggy black and white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of an easy disposition, and too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping his eye on a few sheep, and thinking. I have seen him with six sheep, plainly casting-up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to account to himself for certain particular sheep. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and, in a burst of grave satisfaction, has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep when the drover came out besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked, with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all;" and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighborhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something, to pick up a living—so the cats of shy neighborhoods exhibit a strong tendency to relapse into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishly ferocious by ruminating on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cat's meat; not only is there a moral and politico-economical haggardness in them, traceable to these reflections, but they evince a physical deterioration. Their linen is not clean, and is wretchedly got up; their black turns rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur, and take to the shabbiest cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, and also in the vicinity of Clerkenwell Green, and also in the back settlements of Drury Lane. In appearance they are very like the women among whom they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome beds into the street without any preparation. They leave their young families to stagger about the gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel and swear and scratch and spit, at street-corners. In particular, I remark that when they are about to increase their families (an event of frequent occurrence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in a certain dusty dowdiness, down-at-heel self-neglect, and general giving up of things. I can not honestly report that I have ever seen a feline matron of this class washing her face when in an interesting condition.

Not to prolong these notes of uncommercial travel among the lower animals of shy neighborhoods, by dwelling at length upon the exasperated moodiness of the tom-cats, and their resemblance in many respects to a man and a brother, I will come to a close with a word on the fowls of the same localities.

That any thing born of an egg and invested with wings, should have got to the pass that it hops contentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* going home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothing more in this connection to wonder at. Otherwise I might wonder at the completeness with which these fowls have become separated from all the birds of the air—have taken to groveling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees, and make roosting-places of shop-boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and door-scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning them, and take them as they are. I accept as products of Nature and things of course, a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney Road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I can not say that they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of they derive from crowding together in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were newly come down in the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in at the door of the Jug Department of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, manœuvres them among the company's legs, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life: seldom, in the season, going to bed before two in the morning. Over Waterloo Bridge there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-bedstead, washing-stand, and towel-horse-making trade), who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion reminding one of Mrs. Southcott, has an idea of intrusting an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the building, and is consequently frantic to enter it, I can not determine; but she is constantly endeavoring to undermine the principal door: while her partner, who is infirm upon his legs, walks up and down encouraging her and defying the Universe. But the family I have been best acquainted with, since the removal from this trying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal Green. Their abstraction from the objects among which they live, or rather their conviction that those objects have all come into existence in express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

BY ONE OF THE TRADE.

On a wet and cloudy morning in the month of April, 1859, I was sitting before the fire of a boarding-house in New York, ruminating on what should be my future mode of life. I had returned some time from my last voyage, which had been to the East Indies, and my funds were rapidly decreasing, and compelled me to look out for another ship. While my mind was following this train of thoughts, I became suddenly aware of voices conversing in a low tone outside my door, which on approaching nearer suddenly died away, and I heard a knock. On my saying "Come in," there entered the landlord of the house, accompanied by a stranger, to whom he introduced me as Captain Manwell, saying that the gentleman, if I was agreeable, had something to communicate; he then withdrew, leaving the stranger with me.

I begged him to be seated, and to commence what he had to say. He was a man rather below the middle height, with dark flashing eyes, and hair of the same hue, regular features, and a pale foreign-looking complexion; he altogether bore the appearance of any thing but a sailor. Having taken a chair, and drawn closer to the fire, he told me that he was in command of a ship about to proceed to the west coast of Africa on a trading voyage for palm-oil, and that he wanted some trustworthy men to man her, and that on referring to my landlord for aid, he had strongly recommended me; he had therefore paid me this visit to offer me a vacancy. Now these proceedings seemed so strange and mysterious that I could plainly see there was something at the bottom of them; so looking him steadfastly in the face, I asked him if he meant by the trading voyage "the game." He replied yes, that I was right; and having heard from my host that I spoke both Spanish and Portuguese fluently, he offered me a berth of trust, knowing that my knowledge as a linguist would be of great use to him. After some consideration I consented to go, for my desire to make money and my love of adventure urged me to do it. We then made some arrangements, and I, on my part, promising inviolable secrecy, he left, having given me directions to go down on the following morning to the docks, where I should find him on board the bark *Flora*, where we should make and settle all the arrangements.

I accordingly went down the following morning, and finding he had not yet arrived on board, I employed my time in taking a survey of the ship. I found her to be a long, low, black craft, of 460 tons burden, bark-rigged, with raking masts and sharp bow. She had a raised quarter-deck, with saloon and cabins underneath, for the captain and mates; and a top-gallant forecastle for the crew. She had also, I found afterward, a "between-deck," which came in pieces like a Chinese-puzzle, each piece being numbered and marked; but at that time it was lying about in the hold to all appearance lumber. I also noticed the way the cargo was being stowed. At the bottom of the hold, for the ground-tier, were laid bricks, and on the top of them a vast quantity of water-butts, some empty, and some full of rum of that very common sort which goes by the name of nigger rum; also large quantities of rice, beans, etc.—all intended not for cargo, but for slave-stores; while, on the top of these, was closely stowed a general cargo of cotton-pieces, red flannel, beads, old muskets, and knives. The object in stowing the hold in this manner was to place the slave-stores, and all other suspicious-looking articles, out of sight—because, in the case of being boarded by any man-of-war, they have a right not only to demand the ship's papers, but to search the cargo—a precaution which we afterward found to be well needed. When loaded, the *Flora* only drew six feet of water. Just as I had completed these surveys I was hailed by the steward, who told me the captain was asking for me. I accordingly went in and signed articles for the voyage. I agreed to ship as an able seaman, but was to be paid extra for interpreting. I received fifteen dollars a month as seaman. There were twelve others besides myself, the captain, two mates, and a steward.

Two days after this, the ship having completed her cargo, we all went on board and sailed. We then shaped our course for St. Paul de Loando, in latitude 8° 48′ south, and longitude 13° 8′ east, which is to windward of the entrance of the Congo—the Congo being in latitude 4° 39′ north, and longitude 12° 9′ east. We had a pleasant voyage of seventy-one days. Nothing in particular occurred during the passage. I found, on inquiry, that I was the only seaman on board who really knew the motive of our voyage; and when I hinted to them what it really was they quite laughed at the idea. When off the coast of Sierra Leone we met the American man-of-war *Marion*; they sent a boat on board of us, with the second-lieutenant. He examined our papers, etc., which of course he could find no fault with, though it was very evident he smelled a rat. While the officer was in the cabin examining the papers, I looked over the side, and was startled to find that one of the crew in the man-of-war's cutter was an old chum of mine; he did not know me, on account of my foreign appearance, for I had allowed my beard to grow, but on my calling him by name, he recognized me. He came up, and we had a long talk over old times. Of course they all knew who we really were, but they could not seize us, as we had nothing on board to justify the act. The boat at last left, but the lieutenant's report not satisfying the commodore, he came off himself, although to no purpose. Again, on making the Congo, we encountered the English man-of-war *Triton*, who also boarded us, but with the same success as the *Marion*. We sailed and kedged for about forty miles up the river, where we found a village of the name Port O'Lania.

We made fast to a wharf alongside one of the stores to which we were consigned, where we landed our cargo, and then commenced getting ready for sea. Our cargo being landed, we now looked out for a cloudy night to slip down the river, for we knew from our agents that the *Triton* was on the look-out for us, and was then stationed at the mouth of the river, to catch us we came out. But before leaving the captain called all hands aft, and made known to them the true purpose of our voyage. They had already begun to suspect what it really was. He said that if any man wanted to leave the ship he would give him all the wages that were due to him, and also three extra months' pay as a present; but as nobody liked to be put out on the coast of Guinea alone, they all agreed to sail with him. We then shipped a number of extra men that had been left at various times from the ships. One afternoon, after we had lain at Port O'Lania (so called from all the houses being of wood) for above ten days, we unmoored, and dropped down the river, till we came within ten miles of the *Triton*, where we arrived at 8 P.M. We then anchored, and lay there till 10 P.M. The moon was then set, so after extinguishing every light we dropped silently down. We found that the *Triton* was lying at the entrance and wide part of the river. We therefore dropped down with the tide, and setting sail as quietly as possible, managed successfully to elude the vigilance of the Tritons.

As soon as we were clear of the land we set all sail, and under a press of canvas stood right out to sea. The next morning we commenced getting the ship ready for her live cargo. We first tore up and destroyed the ship's papers, and then every thing with the name of the ship on; we painted out the ship's name on the stern, and every thing that looked like American, flags in particular. We all went by other names, so that a man could not betray any of the others by telling his name. The captain went by the name of Don Pedro, and every one else had his name to his fancy.

We then stowed all the stores in such a way that we could get at them easily. The water-casks we stowed all bung up, with the bungs all out, and a hose leading out of each hole, for over the casks we stowed a platform or deck of planks; and by means of these hoses we could pump the fresh water out; and when empty, we put salt-water in the casks to ballast the ship, and then stowed the stores of sugar, rum, biscuit, etc., in rotation as we should want them. We then put our main-deck or lower-deck together; for, as I before said, when we left New York the deck was composed of pieces to be put together when required, since, had we left with a regular lower-deck, it would have looked suspicious.

We then got our ammunition up, consisting of four 6-pounders, two long brass 18-pounders, and four brass 12-pounders, besides small-arms; so that it would have been impossible for any man-of-war to take us by boats. But nowadays, since those are all propelled by steam, the slavers stand a bad chance, for steam has not been introduced in the slave-trade. Now that the interior of the ship was ready, we had to look after our gear aloft. We commenced by taking the wedges from between the masts and deck, so that the masts might give with the press of canvas; and then we cut the beams that go fore and aft, for the same reason—namely, that the ship might go easier. During the time that these preparations were being made the ship had sailed within seventy miles of the island of Ascension, and was now on the other tack, bearing up for a place a little above the Congo, about fifty miles from St. Paul de Loando, where we had agreed to touch for the slaves when they were ready. Ships sometimes wait as long as three months and more for the slaves, while the agents are collecting them in the interior. We were lucky, having only to wait thirty days. Our reason for going so far away from land, after leaving the Congo, was this: we knew that the *Triton*, as soon as she found we had escaped her, would coast along the shore, thinking that we should do the same as some other ships erroneously do—namely, sail along the coast and secrete themselves, or pick up detachments of slaves as they go along; but our captain, being an old hand, knew better, for by going right out to sea they would lose our scent. After making the shore about St. Paul de Loando, we sailed with the southeast trade-wind along the coast, till we arrived near a place called Ambriz, where we saw them ashore throwing out private signals; we accordingly anchored near the coast at 7 P.M.

The agents came off with the slaves in lighters, containing about 200 each. They were all lashed together with thongs of hide. They were passed up, and sent into the hold. There were altogether 811. As soon as they were on board we made all sail. Our men were armed, and appointed into watches, as we were obliged to keep a very strict eye on them, to see that they did not get at the stores, or fight with each other—for among them there were many different tribes, all at variance with one another, so that sometimes our hold was like a small hell, and the sentinel had frequently to jump down among them to separate the combatants.

The lighters came alongside at 7 P.M., and at 8 P.M. we loosened sail, and squaring the yards to the trade, let slip the anchor and chain in three fathoms' water. We shaped our course for Ascension, which we soon sighted, having a strong southeast trade abaft us. We passed Ascension, and then steered for 2022 miles right away to the westward. We did this to get out of the track of ships, this not being the ordinary route of ships bound to the West Indies. After that we steered to the southward, and passed to the southward and westward of Jamaica, just seeing the land in the distance, and then rounding the Isle of Pines.

Before leaving the Congo we shipped a double crew, so that now we had thirty-five seamen before the mast; but all our services were well needed, for what with accelerating the speed of the ship, by making alterations in her, and attending to the slaves, we all had our hands full. A certain number of us were told off for the latter duty, I being one of them. My department was to take charge of the women.

We kept the ship as clean as possible, for filth is the root of all evil on board a ship.

At sunrise, or not later than 5 A.M. every morning, the slaves were all turned up on deck, and large tubs were produced. A gang of them were made to keep these tubs supplied with salt-water while they were in use. Our mode of ablution was rather a novel one; it reminded me of sheep-shearing—or, at least, the washing of sheep previous to shearing—in Devonshire and other counties. A circle of fifteen or twenty were made to squat on their hams round the tub, while one of us stood there with a bucket, and kept dipping it in, and then splashing it over them. After they were all well drenched, they would get up and walk forward, where another of the hands was stationed with a coarse cloth of canvas, who would rub them down after the manner of a groom rubbing down a horse.

He was also supplied with a bucket full of vinegar and salt-water. This he made them rinse their mouths with and rub their teeth; for if he does not keep his mouth clean a yellow substance collects on the gums and teeth of an African which turns to poison. He is subject to ulcers in his mouth from this; and if he bites you—a thing not at all uncommon—the flesh will frequently mortify. I know this to my cost; for once hitting one of them with the back of my hand, I came in contact with his mouth, and one of his teeth touched and indented my hand, whereby I lost the use of it for some days.

These ablutionary measures employed us till between 8 and 9 A.M., when we used to serve out to them some dry biscuit and rum and water. The rum was a very coarse kind, like Bay rum; none of *us* could drink it, but the slaves received it with great gusto. This would satisfy their cravings till 11 o'clock, when they used to have a hot breakfast, consisting of a kind of hodge-podge. The ingredients were biscuit broken up small, beans, rice, barley, and salt pork—the whole thickened with flour and fat. This was boiled in two large caldrons in the caboose, and, when ready, was emptied into tubs and buckets ranged along the deck. We always tried to keep each tribe by itself; for at meal-time, if they messed together, it was sure to end in a fight. So their meal, if not choice, was substantial and good, and plenty of it.

Of course we took every care of them, as it was our interest to do so. But in a crowded slave-ship disease is very rife; we lost only ninety-four, which we considered lucky. Closeness of the bowels and jaundice are the most frequent maladies. The first we treated with injections of vinegar, and gunpowder taken internally. Whether this is one of the treatments ashore I can not say, but we found it very successful on board.

After their breakfast they were sent down to clean out the ship. Most of them spoke only the Congo dialect, but some of them understood Portuguese and Spanish. These we picked out as leaders and interpreters of the rest, and supplied them with a shirt or pair of trowsers as a distinguishing mark of rank, which was greatly envied by the others. They were also intrusted with a piece of rope, about a yard long, as an instrument of correction, which they very freely used. We had only to tell these men what we wanted done, and they made the others do it. We also got up various amusements for the slaves, by making drums for them and a kind of cymbal, to the tune of which they danced.

At 3 P.M. another hot meal was served to them of the same composition as the first, and another at 8 P.M.; after which they were all packed below.

No lights were allowed at night in case of attracting attention. Even the compass or binnacle lights were well screened with canvas. After passing the Isle of Pines, and having been thirty-one days from Congo, we sighted Boca Grande, on the coast of Cuba. About the coast of Cuba are to be noticed a quantity of small fishing-boats and pilot-boats; these are nearly all in the pay of slave-owners ashore, who pay them to look out for the men-of-war, and also to mislead them, and report accordingly to any slave-ship about the coast that is waiting for a chance to land her cargo. They take it in turn to look out. Their watch lasts for about ten days, when they are relieved by another boat, and receive a daulalson each man. One of these boats we found on the look-out for us. They informed us that the *Basilisk* English man-of-war was about, and therefore we could not land. Our orders from the shore were, that we were to stretch out to sea for four days, which we did, and then returned; when again we had orders to go out again to sea. We obeyed accordingly, but nearly fell into a trap. We were standing on for a bluff in the Bahama Channel; when nearing it I thought I recognized it, for I had been frequently on the coast before surveying in a man-of-war, and this I remembered as being our look-out. I reported this to the captain, Don Pedro, as we called him. He immediately changed the course; and it was lucky he did so, for we afterward found that H.M.S. *Cumberland* was anchored on the other side of the bluff. Here, then, was another escape. After having been out the appointed time we again returned, when we received the same orders; but our late narrow shave had rather tamed us, so we went aft to the captain, and told him that, after we had escaped so many dangers, it was a pity to run any more. So I, being a good pilot among the many cays that abound, promised to take her in safety to one where we could lay off; and in case of any one molesting us, we could land the slaves on the cay; for a man-of-war can do nothing to you if you have no slaves on board; so if they were even to be within ten yards of you on the rocks, all that the man-of-war could do would be to liberate them. We accordingly chose Indian Cay for our dépôt, and anchored in two fathoms' water. We afterward discovered that the boat which had been guiding us and bringing our orders out fell in with H.M.S. *Basilisk*, commanded by Captain Fare. He shipped on board as pilot, and promised Captain Fare to guide him to us—an engagement he performed by taking the *Basilisk* to the opposite direction.

After waiting for two days off the cay—for it takes them some time to get the boats ready, which are all secreted in the rocks—we at last saw five boats approaching, which we rightly guessed were for us. They brought clothes, etc., for the slaves, and money for the seamen; for before one of the slaves left the ship we were all paid off.

From the day we left New York till the landing of the slaves on the quay, only five months and fourteen days had elapsed. Each man received $1000 for his services, and I received $100 extra for my services as interpreter. The slaves were then disembarked in the boats and shoved off. We landed 717 slaves alive. It was then nearly dusk. The pilot-boat remained alongside for the night; and early the next morning we laid seventeen fires in the ship's hold, and set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. We all felt sorry to do it, for she was as pretty a craft as ever floated. Till then we never knew the ship's name, for the one we left New York with was a false one. But the captain, sympathizing with us, said: "There she burns, lads, the craft in which we have made our money—the beautiful *Flying Rosario!*"

When she was entirely burned we went on board the pilot-boat, and were landed at the Boca Grande. This I found was a wharf, ostensibly for the purpose of loading ships with sugar, and I believe a ship occasionally came there as a blind; but it was used really for landing slaves. We were afterward conveyed by land to Havana, which we reached in nine days. It was only a little less than 200 miles; but we had frequently to hide ourselves to escape detection, for our dangers were not over. The inhabitants we met, knowing who we were, would not even give us a glass of water under half a dollar. But in Havana the slave-trade is so well managed that it is rarely detected.

The other day, while perusing the papers from home, I read in the *Times* of the capture of the *Orion* slave-ship by H.M.S. *Pluto*. I must confess, reader, it was with a feeling of sorrow I could not repress that I found that the captain who commanded the *Orion* was the same I had sailed with in the *Flying Rosario*. You may blame me for this, reader, but old companionship, old fellowship, and old times have their ties in whatever society we move in.

P.S.—Our passage from New York to Congo was 71 days. The reader may be astonished at the length of voyage; but we went along the land, beating against the southeast trade, and quite a different way to other ships, particularly men-of-war. We did not dare to return the same way, as we should pass the *Marion*, *Triton*, and others of *our friends*. I came home by H.M.S. *Basilisk*, the very ship that chased us in the *Flying Rosario*.

BEWITCHED.

"PLEASE, Sir, there's a boy outside wants to see you."

"See me?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, Sir; I think they want a doctor, Sir; mother told them you was one."

I hurried out, forgetting my breakfast, and found the boy standing at the door.

"What's your name?"

"Phil Wish, yer honor."

"What do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Ellen's tuk worse, and her mother don't think as how she'll live much longer, she's quite scrammed, Sir."

I wondered who "Ellen" could be, and what "scrammed" meant, but contented myself with signing to him to lead the way. We walked on in the bright early morning, every thing looking fair and beautiful. Presently we came to the brow of a hill, and looking down into the valley, bathed in brightest sunlight, I saw a few white cottages dotted here and there. Phil informed me that "Ellen lived in one of these," pointing out the identical one with his finger.

"What's the matter with Ellen?" I asked.

"Dunno, Sir," in a tone which, if it failed to imply he didn't care, at least proved he was not disposed to be communicative. I wondered what the mystery could be, but thinking whatever it was it would soon be solved, walked on in silence. We at last arrived at a cottage very small and very low. An old woman appeared and beckoned me inside. I entered, stooping low as I did so. A small room, a very small room, but every thing scrupulously neat and clean. A little girl, apparently about three years old, was seated on the floor telling her doll, in an under-tone, "not to make a noise, because mother was ill." A working-man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of their owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was his) suspended over them. The shutters of the latticed windows were half closed, producing a quiet subdued light. I walked toward the bed, and softly drew the curtain. The small face, half hidden in the pillow, seemed very young and girlish, the eyes closed, the breath short and hurried. The bird was literally shrieking—I signed to the woman, and she covered the cage. All was quiet. I lifted the pale hand from the coverlet and felt for the pulse—gone.

"How long has she been so?" I asked.

"Since daylight, Sir."

"Ah! she can't last long."

The professional phrase escaped involuntarily. I started as I uttered it, and dropped the hand. The movement roused her. The heavy eyelids unclosed: I drew back.

"Is Jack here, mother?"

"No, darling!"

"Ah! I forgot."

A moment's pause. Then, in a quick, hurried tone, as if the thought were first impressed upon her mind,

"Mother, am I dying?"

A sob was the only answer. Another pause, longer than the first: then the arm was placed under the pillow for a moment, and drawn forth again.

"Give this to Jack when you see him."

She tried to move her hand along the bed, and pass its hidden contents to the woman weeping by her side; but ere she could do so, the will that directed it grew weaker still, and left it idle where it lay. I unclosed the almost rigid fingers, and gave to the woman the objects they had clasped—a wedding ring, and a lock of fair hair tied with a blue ribbon.

"Ellen, Ellen! would you like to see your child?"

"Not now!—Poor Jack!—How dark it is, mother!"

I knew by that that it was very near; but the woman, in her ignorance, walked across the room, and opened both the shutters and the window. The staring sunlight came rushing, streaming in.

"Mother—mother!"

A deadly change came over the countenance. "I'm here, Ellen. Child—darling—speak!"

Another pause, very, very long, never to be broken by the form lying before us, pale and still. A distant shout of harvest-home came strangely on the solemn silence. Ah! truly harvest home! Another drooping soul for the universal harvest! Another wearied heart for the world's great reaper—Death!

I turned hurriedly away. The child had fallen asleep with the doll by her side, still murmuring in her dreams that "they must keep quiet"—a little rosy face, but strangely like the dead one on the bed. I reclosed the window-shutters, thinking of the light she had found—that great eternal light that will one day dawn on all—covered the pale dead face, and left the woman weeping and in prayer.

I set off the next morning for the old woman's cottage. She was standing at the door, evidently expecting me.

"Oh, Sir, is it you? do walk in!"

I entered, glancing as I did so at the bed where the dead girl was still lying. The woman saw the look, and began weeping bitterly.

"Oh, Sir, my poor child!"

I spoke soothingly and calmly.

"Oh, Sir, it's not only losing her! it's not only losing her! it's the way—the way!"

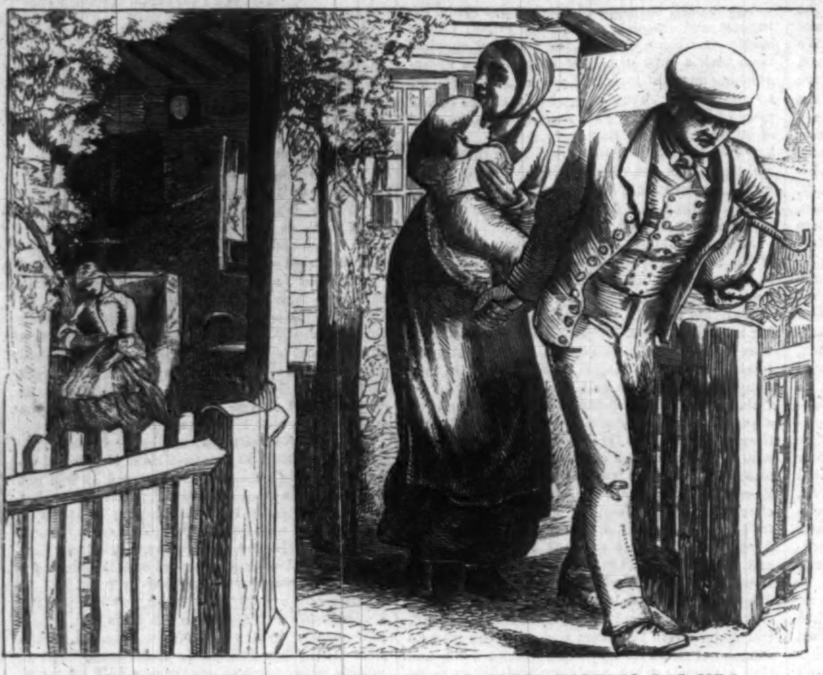
"The way?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir; but to be sure you don't know. She was bewitched, Sir."

"Bewitched!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir, this long time. She's been ailing since last year, and it's been the death of her at last."

Seeing my continued look of surprise, she "went on," as she expressed it, "to tell me all about it," still holding, as she did so, the dead girl's hand in hers. The story, as nearly as I remember, ran as follows:



"SHE LOOKS DYING LIKE, MOTHER, AND CARES NOTHING FOR ME."

"You see, Sir, Ellen was my only child, and a good one she was. Many's the time I've told my old man she'd live to be a comfort to me; and so she truly did, nursing me and taking care of me, when he died, for many a long day." (Here she fondled the dead hand closer still.) "Well, you see, Sir, she was still quite a child, when a young chap comes to work up at the Squire's where Ellen took the milk every morning. It wasn't long after he came that I thought I saw a change in her; she wasn't so light-hearted like, as if she had some secret. So, one morning, when she comes in from the Squire's with the odd look on her face, I turned short at her and says, 'What's the matter, Ellen?'

"She reddened, but answered quite boldly, for she was always as open as the day,

"'Why, mother, I think Jack's very fond of me.'

"'Fond of you?' says I; 'and pray who's Jack?'

"'Him that works up at the Squire's; but you'll soon see him, mother; he's coming up to-night.'

"And sure enough he came. He was a handsome spoken young fellow enough. He told me he wanted Ellen, and would take great care of her. He seemed so honest and bright-looking, and Ellen so fond of him, that somehow I couldn't say 'No,' and the end of it was they went to the church, and the parson himself told me he'd never seen a prettier couple. They were just like two doves; he had plenty of work up at the Squire's—you see he was a bricklayer, Sir, and the Squire was having his place done up—and Ellen she took in needlework, and come over every day to help me. They used to live there, Sir." (She pointed to a little cottage close by, now wearing a dreary deserted look.) "They lived there nigh upon two years, Sir, till long after the baby was born. Well, Sir, my Ellen—though the best-tempered girl in the world—was a bit spirited when any thing crossed her; and one morning Jack and her had a quarrel—the first they'd ever had—it was about her cousin Tom, poor fellow, who'd been her sweet-heart before she was married—and Jack went to work without bidding her good-by. She was mighty vexed at this, and when I went over I found her crying. I thought Jack was wrong, and was just telling her so, when I heard a knock at the door, which was open, and there was the witch standing looking."

"What witch?" I asked.

"Why, her that lives in the hut on the hill; there's only one witch, Sir."

Again the look of astonishment. I signified a satisfaction I was far from possessing, and she continued:

"Well, Sir, she was standing staring, and Ellen, thinking she'd heard what we'd been saying, told her sharply to go off; but she didn't move, so Ellen got up and pushed her out, but not before she had cast an evil look and muttered to herself.

"'Ellen,' I said, 'she's cast an evil eye on you.' She looked pale, but said, in her hasty way, 'I don't care if she has, mother.'

"I felt flurried like, and knew something would come of it; but didn't say any thing to any one.

"When Jack came home that night I talked to him a good deal. He didn't take much notice at first, but at last he promised to make it up with Ellen. I don't know, Sir, if it ever was made up; maybe, you see, the witch wouldn't let her bring her mind like to do it, for Jack and her were never the same afterward, and Tom went to the cottage oftener than ever. I used to be quite frightened at Jack's look, when he'd come in and see them two a-talking together; but I knew poor Ellen was bewitched, and couldn't help teasing him. The neighbors knew it, too; for, you see, bewitched people have a queer look about the eyes, and grow thin and pale, like Ellen did, till they die quite away. I dreaded Jack finding it out, and it was a long time before he did; for the people didn't like to talk about it before him, and when he saw them whispering and looking at him, he'd think they were talking of Ellen and Tom, and feel jealous like, and angry. At last one night Ellen rushed in to me with her face all pale and trembling:

"'He's off, mother!' says she.

"'Who, Ellen?'

"She looked quite wild, and pointed to the cottage. I left her fainting-like in a chair, and ran over. He was standing with his white face near the door, putting his things together.

"'Jack,' says I, 'where are you off to?'

"'Going on the tramp, mother; there's no more work up at the Squire's.'

"'Jack,' says I, 'it's about Ellen—'

"He never moved or answered.

"'Jack,' says I, putting my hand on his shoulder, for I began to get fierce, thinking of Ellen and the child, 'Jack, think of the little one.'

"'Mother,' says he, in such a quiet voice that I didn't feel frightened any longer at his pale face, 'mother,' says he, 'I've heard the neighbors a-talking about what has happened to Ellen, and I know it's true. Ellen can't help it; but what's the use of my stopping here? She'll be better without me; she looks dying like, before my very eyes, and cares nothing for me, so what's the good, mother?'

"I let my hand drop from his shoulder; for you see, Sir, I knew it was all true, and I couldn't answer it, though I tried hard. At last I said, 'Jack! won't you bid her good-by?' For I thought, when it came to kissing her and the child, maybe he wouldn't go through with it. He went to the window, where he could see her lying in the chair, as I left her, pale and still. A fierce look came over his face, and he muttered something about Tom.

"'It's not his fault, Jack!' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'not his fault—not hers—it can't be helped. Good-by, mother!'

"'Jack!' I said, 'for God's sake, stop! speak to Ellen only one word.'

"He went out of the cottage. I was almost wild. 'Ellen! Ellen!' I called out; I rushed over; I shook her; I pointed to Jack in the distance going farther and farther away; but I couldn't rouse her, she was quite gone. I watched him go over the hill, without once looking back; and we've never seen him since."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"Oh, Sir! when she came to she seemed quite mad. She said she'd go after him, and take the child with her. I couldn't quiet her at all. Then she was very ill for a long time, without any sense, talking about Jack all day and night. The doctor said it was fever, and maybe it was; but we knew who brought it on, though we didn't tell him. She got better at last, but her eyes looked so large and strange they often frightened me. She just got up one morning, looked about the room, took Jack's picture, hung it up there with his cap and coat, and told me never to move them till he came back.

"'Mother,' says she, 'I've been a wicked girl not to be a better wife to him, and it serves me right. I was too fond of teasing him by talking to Tom. I must tell him all when he comes back.'

"I saw she didn't know the real reason of his going. It seemed she'd forgotten all about the witch, and didn't know that if he came back she'd do just the same again. But she thought he'd surely come, and she used to sit for hours in the evening looking over the hill for him; but months passed, and he was still away. At last she took to her bed, and never rose again. That's the way they all do, Sir. She lay there for days quite quiet, and the little one nearly always with her. The doctor said it was 'consoomshon;' and when I told him about the witch he shook his head. She was often asleep, but when the cough woke her—for she had a bad cough—she'd be sure to ask directly if Jack had come. Sometimes she'd think he was sitting by her, and she'd talk to him, and tell him how sorry she was about it all, and how she never cared for Tom, and how happy they were going to be now. And then she'd think they were walking in the fields, as they used to do on Sunday evenings, and she'd say how sweet the church bells sounded, and how pretty the little one was growing, and how happy we all four were living in those two little cottages. Then, when she got sensible, she'd lie for hours never speaking of him. At last even I began to watch for him. I thought if he would only come, just to see her once before she went. I used to put the little one up at the window, and tell her to keep on looking over the hill, and p'raps she'd see her father coming, but my heart misgave me all the time—and I was right—he never came, he never came."

She stayed her story, weeping; then turning to the bed:

"She looks happy enough without him now, doesn't she, Sir?"

She drew aside the covering: I gazed long upon the face, so child-like in its sweet simplicity. It wore a look of perfect rest. The slight shade of anxiety I had noticed the day before had passed away, giving place to an expression of calm content like that of a tired child asleep. Hearing no sound the little one crept up noiselessly, and getting on the bed nestled closely to her mother, the large living eyes bright with a mixed expression of pity, love, and wonder, the little hand stroking the dead face with a fond caressing movement inexpressibly touching. They looked strangely alike, and yet how fearfully different; their long hair mingling lovingly, stirred by the child's deep breath. I watched reverently, silently, till wearied with her grief, the young one fell into a light slumber. I left them lying there—both asleep—a strange solemn picture of Love and Death, full of the deepest poetry and beauty.

Two days after poor Ellen was buried, and it was not long before I left the place. Jack had not then returned, and the little one was once more playing noisily with her doll, with no fear now of waking the child-mother at rest for ever. As I passed the cottage for the last time the bird was singing loudly, as though it had never left off. She told me it was father's bird: she fed it every morning against he came home: she wondered when that would be: and I, wondering the same—wondering when the erring heart, bursting from the trammels of ignorance and superstition, would return to find its utter desolation—passed on, and left the spot, probably for ever.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOOM OF DOÑA LUCIA.

"Thus it ever is, caballeros, and ever will be," went on Captain Brand, in rather a reflecting strain. "There is a point to begin and stop, and an end to joy as well as grief. We should, however, take the world as it comes, and as it goes. I do, and so do you, compadre!"—pitching a cigar spear fashion at Don Ignacio to attract his attention—"and, therefore, we should never look too far ahead, and live only for the present.

"Indulging then in this train of principle, as I set down my lovely burden here, and the cloak fell from her shoulders, I was prepared for any thing which might happen. I wore a slightly different costume at the time than that she had been accustomed to see me in, as I always do when I think there might be a chance of a surprise or trap laid for us in entering the inlet. So instead of fine linen and silk I had on a red flannel shirt, dark trowsers, with a cutlass slung to my side and a pair of pistols in my belt. I don't think I appear handsome in that rig, but the fellows at my back somehow think it is becoming to me, especially when we are engaged in a hand-to-hand fight! What say you, compadre?"

The Don said nothing, and merely waved his forefinger, as if dress was not a matter to which he devoted much attention. He thought, however, that sleeves should be cut loose when the pockets were not too small for knives and pistols; but he uttered no word.

"Bueno! There I stood"—pointing to the middle of the room as he spoke—"drenched with rain, and there stood my tall and lovely wife!

"The saloon was brilliantly lighted; a profusion of plants and flowers were clustered here, there, and every where, on cabinets and tables, in striking contrast to the display exhibited yonder in that armory, where pikes, muskets, and knives were gleaming through the open door.

"Quick as the lightning which was piercing deep into the inmost crevices of the rocks and the crag without, Lucia's dark eyes flashed around the apartment, from floor to ceiling, from flower to blade, resting an instant on the frame of miniatures there—hers was not among the collection *then:* it is the one in the middle, Doctor—"

There were no knives on the table, or else, from the deadly look the Doctor gave, he might have perhaps sprinkled the narrator's heart's-blood on the floor.

"—Until at last her gaze of terror rested on *me!* No one, I fancy, can tell the power of a Spanish girl, who has never seen them when the whole passion of their soul—either in love or hate—comes pouring in a black blaze of jet from their gleaming eyes!

"Advancing a step toward me, with her white hands clasped together, she said in a hurried voice—and low as was the sound I heard it distinctly during the crashing thunder which shook the rocks of the crag to their foundations—

"'Señor! where am I? My father! Who—who, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, art *thou?*'

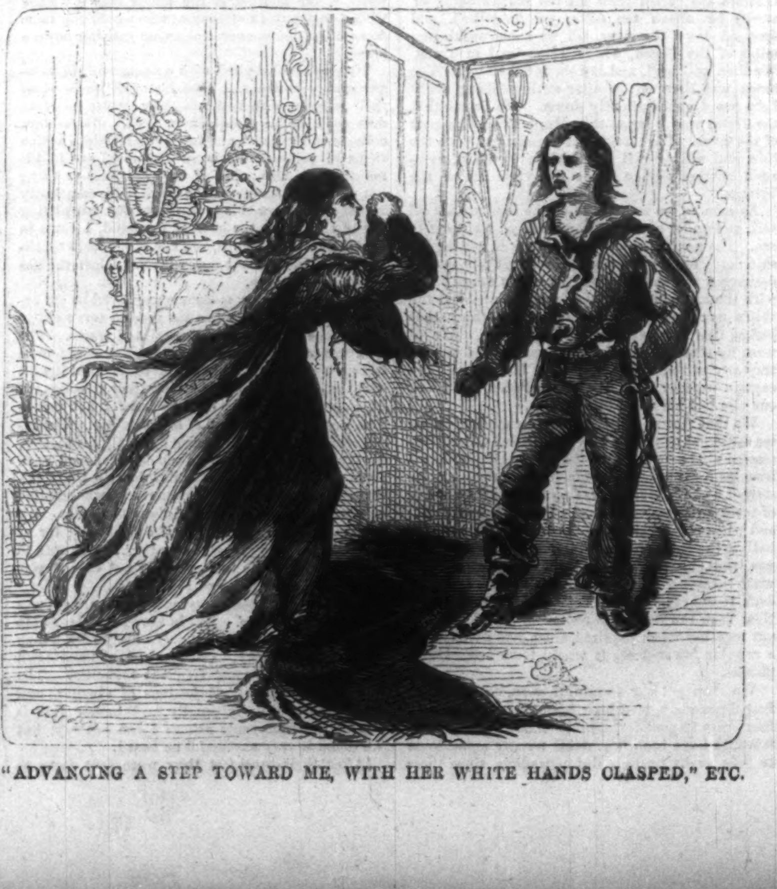
"Again giving a look of the utmost horror around the room, she pressed her hands to her eyes, and said, in the same low, distinct tone,

"'Speak, Señor! For the love of our Holy Saviour, speak!'

"I felt that the girl had saved me, by her own instinctive perception, a world of painful explanations, and I replied:

"'Lucia! I divine that all further concealments are useless: you are in the haunt of the most noted pirate of these seas, and that man stands before you.'

"Caballeros!" continued Captain Brand, "had my pretty prize swooned away, or fallen down in a fit, or gone into hysterics and torn her hair out by the roots, I should not have been greatly surprised, but she did none of those things. On the contrary, she became as calm as marble—frightfully so in fact—and pushing back the bands of her magnificent tresses from her pale forehead, she raised her round white arm aloft, with her slender forefinger quivering like the tongue of a viper in mid-air, and then poured forth a torrent of such awfully impressive words that I quailed before her.



"ADVANCING A STEP TOWARD ME, WITH HER WHITE HANDS CLASPED," ETC.

"Yes, Señores, I am no coward, take me when you will; but on this occasion I must honestly admit that I stood powerless before the gaze and gesture of that slight, delicately formed woman.

"'Pirate—wretch—monster—may the curses of hell be heaped upon thee! Murderer—betrayer—may thy heart be burned, and thy soul blasted for ever!'

"I need not pain you, Señores, by reciting the cruel words that came hissing and surging through her closed teeth, nor yet further describe the terrible concentrated gaze of hate and fury which streamed from those gleaming eyes. Suffice it to say, that though often afterward I was treated in the same manner, yet, on the occasion alluded to, I cut short the interview by summoning Babette to see her mistress to her chamber; and then, glad to escape, I went out of the house and attended to the duties which required my presence."

The Padre, with his flat lips half open, eagerly drinking in—with his Santa Cruz punch—the words of his patron; the Doctor, calm, unmoved now, and thoughtful; the one-eyed old rascal, still puffing his cigarritos and allowing no rest to his uneasy, suspicious optic; all sat listening, with each an interest peculiarly his own, to the fate of Doña Lucia. The narrator leisurely arose and held his hourly confab with the man at the signal-station, and then returning to his place, proceeded with his discourse:

"I shall pass rapidly over, my friends, many little incidents of a rather unpleasant nature which occurred here, in this my rocky retreat, for some months after the interview which I have described. I tried every argument and persuasion I was master of to bring my proud bride to reason; but to all my entreaties she turned a cold and chilling stare of obdurate hate. Day by day the intensity of her detestation grew stronger and stronger, and seemed to have become a part of her nature. Yes! the gentle, yielding girl I had won on board the *Centipede* had now become as stern and unbending as a rock, and my controlling power over her mind and love were gone. I left her entirely to herself for some weeks, until one day I thought her passion might have subsided, and once more, attired in a rich and splendid suit, I came in here, as she sat like a marble statue at table. She never looked up at my entrance, but her eyes shone like stars as she sat mechanically going through the forms of the dinner laid before her.

"'Lucia!' I said, gayly. No answer by word or look. 'Lucia! querida mia!' I repeated, and sinking on one knee beside her, I attempted to take her hand.

"By all the saints, Señores, that came near—very near—being the last time that I ever should kneel to a woman; for with a movement so sudden that I had barely time to leap one side, she snatched a long pointed carving knife from the table and lunged full at my throat! The blade just grazed my jugular artery, inflicting a slight wound. But she never turned round to see the extent of her effort, and again sat calm and rigid at the table.

"This was my last visit save one. I abandoned these comfortable quarters entirely, and occupied the rooms you do, mi Padre, out there among the men. In fact, my stern young bride was in entire command of the island, and even my good Babette here stood in such awe of her that she always crossed herself when called to approach her mistress.

"Month by month matters went on in this way, until the winter had gone, and I was preparing for another cruise in the schooner; but hour by hour the consuming passion which flamed in the veins of Lucia was doing its work. I sometimes beheld her standing out on the veranda, tall and stately as ever; and when the moon was at the full, it threw its light upon her wan and sunken cheeks and thin wasted frame. Ay! there she stood like an almost transparent statue of alabaster, with her dark eyes, shining with an unearthly light, turned in one long tearless gaze upon the ledge and combing breakers to seaward. It was singular, too, the effect she produced even upon the horde of these brave fellows of mine, for no persuasion could induce a man of them to come within pistol-shot of that part of the house while she was thus keeping her nightly vigils. And as for Pedillo, he acquired such a superstitious dread of the girl he had married, and lived in such a state of abject terror, that I had serious thoughts of shooting him to avoid the contaminating influence he exercised over his comrades!

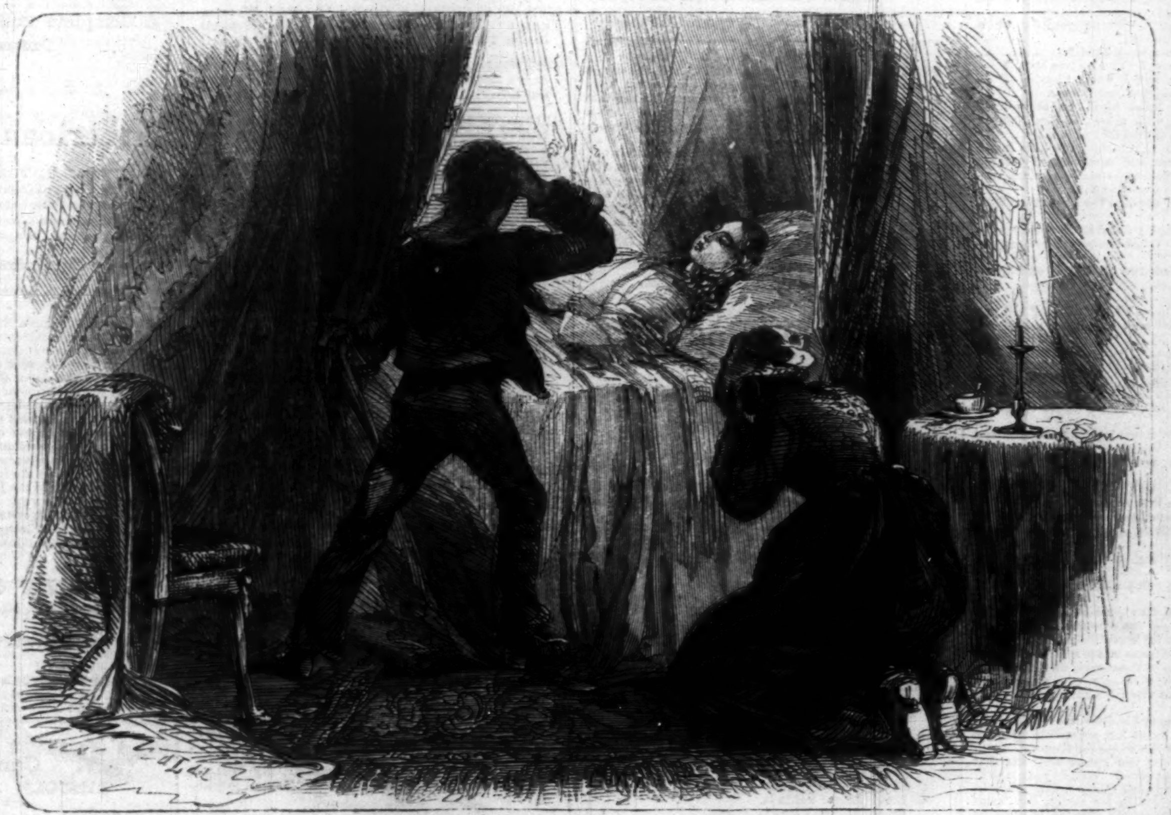
"Well, caballeros, late one Saturday night, while the men were carousing and drinking success to the coming cruise—we were to sail on the following Monday—and while I was returning from my usual stroll to the Tiger's Trap, to see the battery in order and the look-outs wide awake, I met Babette toddling along nearly out of breath.

"'What is it, old lady?' You know, amigos, that that same Babette never spoke a word in her life, but she made signs to let me know that I was wanted at the crag, and that there was no time to be lost. I quickened my pace, and, preceded by Babette, I once more darkened my own threshold. The curtains and hangings were all closely drawn in the saloon here, and it was dark as a tomb; but there was a light burning yonder in the passage leading to the chamber, and I made my way to the door.

"I shall never forget what I saw—though I should like to, as it comes to me sometimes in the night, or when I am left much alone by myself."

The Pirate passed his hands over his eyes as if he saw something as he spoke, and then letting his voice drop to an almost sepulchral pitch, he went on hurriedly:

"I stood at the door, caballeros, and looked in. On the bed, which was drawn to the middle of the chamber, to get the air through the narrow loopholed windows, with the gauze curtains falling square on all sides, lay Lucia. Her attenuated, wasted frame, scarcely presented an uneven surface beneath the snowy sheet which covered her body. Her superb hair was spread in great black masses on the pillow, and her pale, marble face reposed there like an ivory picture in an ebony setting. Her eyes were wide open, large and luminous, and her thin delicate hands were clasped around a silver and pearl crucifix which rested on her hollow breast. A single taper in a silver lamp threw a lurid, flickering ray about the room, and beside it was Babette on her knees and quivering with terror, while from one of the loopholed windows a broad white band of moonlight streamed distinctly across the pillow and face of the dying girl."



"A SUPERNATURAL WARNING! YES, THAT FINGER—"

Captain Brand's face assumed a deathly pallor, and with his icy blue eyes fixed on vacancy, and his voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, he went on:

"As I appeared in the portals of the door Lucia slowly raised her forefinger and beckoned me to approach. I could no more have resisted the summons than if a chain-cable to a frigate's anchor had caught me in its iron coils and was dragging me to the bottom of the sea. I moved to the foot of the bed.

"'*Pirato!*' came from her slightly parted lips, in her old low and distinct tones. '*Pirato*, behold your cruel work! Destroyer of mother and child—of soul and body—may the curses of a dying woman and her unborn child haunt you by day and by night!' I was dumb, and my pulse stopped beating. 'Ave Maria Purissima!' were the last words that came in a sweet, pure whisper from her lips: she clasped the crucifix tighter, and the spirit departed. I tore aside the gauze net to lay my hand on her heart, when, on my soul, her right hand slowly relaxed its death-grasp on the crucifix, and, rising to a vertical line, with the forefinger pointing upward, it quivered in the light of the waning moon like—as it was—a supernatural warning! Yes, that finger—"

"Mama! mama!" came in a weak, plaintive voice from the piazza, while the villain, with hands before him as if to shut out a frightful vision, and eyeballs starting from their sockets, was hoarsely whispering to his horror-stricken audience the last warning of the dead Lucia.

As the low, moaning cry, in the stillness which reigned around the saloon, struck his ear he sprang with a bound to his feet, and quick as thought, with a pistol in each hand, he shouted, "Who's there?"

"It is the little sick boy, Señor! Do him no harm at your peril!" and the Doctor stood before the Pirate's leveled weapons.

"Maldito on the brat! Pshaw!" said Captain Brand, quieting down, and returning the pistols to his pockets, "how nervous I am! Excuse me, caballeros. I was thinking of something else."

CHAPTER XVIII.

END OF THE BANQUET.

In the pause which followed the dreadful episode just recounted by Captain Brand the Padre was occupied in pattering a prayer, counting his beads, and elevating his crucifix as if he was mumbling high mass at the altar. Don Ignacio slowly waved his brown forefinger, and his single spark of glowing eye glared fiercely and fixedly at his host. A clammy sweat burst out on the pallid brow of the Doctor, and his hands were clutched before him on the table like the jaws of a steel vice. And still the drunken shrieks and cheers of the piratical crew at the sheds arose wild and shrill in the calm night and made a gloomy diapason for the banquet. The Doctor was the first to break the awkward silence which pervaded the saloon.

"Capitano!" said he, in his habitual calm, deep voice, "with respect to what you said in the early part of the evening, of breaking up this establishment, what, may I ask, are your plans for the future?"

"Gracias! amigo Doctor! Thank you, my friend, for changing the conversation. My plans! eh! ah! Well, they are these—"

Here Captain Brand's face assumed its usual expression, and entirely himself again, he went on to state, in a precise, business-like way, the views he had resolved upon for future action.

"—To-morrow, gentlemen, is Sunday. Those boisterous fellows out there, after mass, will need rest all the day. On Monday, however, I shall begin to change the rig of the schooner, fill up with provisions for a long cruise, take on board all the loose odds and ends we have stowed here, of course," he added, as he remarked an inquiring and a rather alarmed mercenary look from the Tuerto's glim—"of course, after having squared up all claims of our compadre there!"

"Hum!" croaked that sharp rascal with a nod of satisfaction, quite like an old raven.

"Then, Señores, I shall burn or destroy the old sheds, and bury the cannon and heavy articles we can not find room for in the *Centipede*; when, if nothing happens, we shall trip anchor and spread our sails for sea!

"Babette! Babette! really I believe that dear old negress has fallen asleep. Babette! ah! there you are, my beauty! See if you can't give us a bowl of okra gumbo before we break up here!"

Babette had not been asleep. Oh no! She had her ear to the door of the saloon, and was listening to the sad history of Doña Lucia, and when her master came to the final scene the old woman fell on her knees and shivered all over, where she remained until the sound of the Captain's voice again called her to her duties.

"And when we have left these quiet waters, my son!" broke in the Padre, "what then?"

The fact was, that the carnivorous and vinous Father Ricardo knew that his stomach was not suited for high winds and rough oceans, and was hoping that some scheme might be devised to allow him to remain tranquilly on the island.

"Why, Holy Padre, I propose to steer clear of the West Indies by some unfrequented track, and, striking the broad Atlantic, stretch down the coast of Brazil. Perhaps we may double Cape Horn, and see what those miserable patriots are fighting for in Chili and Peru; then maybe across the Pacific, to the lovely islands and maidens of Polynesia; so on to the China Seas, where we may fall in with an outward-bound Canton trader, or a galleon with a ton or two of silver on board—who knows?—there is plenty of blue water and fine ships every where: so we must be content."

Padre Ricardo made the sign of the cross, kissed his thumb and forefinger, and reaching his paw over to the Captain, shook hands with him.

"Ay, amigos," continued the leader, without minding the friendly interruption: "yes, my friends, we shall, I trust, give the hounds in search of us the slip, and even should they scent out this retired little spot, they will have their trouble for their chase, and find nothing but a few stones and heaps of rubbish above ground."

"They may find some little matters below, though," chimed in the commander of the felucca.

"If they do," retorted the Pirate, with a meaning scowl, "I'll put the spy who betrays it to such a torture as that he'll wish himself below ground when I come back here."

"Cierto, amigo! no fear of that!" muttered the Tuerto, with some little trepidation of manner. "*My* papers are white."

"Captain Brand," said the Doctor, "my contract with you is nearly up, and since I only agreed—as you know—to enlist my professional services here on shore, I presume you will have no objections to permit me to depart with Don Ignacio in the felucca."

It would be difficult to say what caused the flush of passion which overspread the leader's face as he listened to this simple request, but it was a full minute before he replied, and then, having weighed the matter carefully in his mind, he said, in a precise and determined tone, in French:

"Monsieur le Docteur! the compacts that I have made with all those that have taken service with me have never been broken except by death. I can not, therefore, consider your request, and I shall expect you to sail with me in the schooner."

Then he added quickly, as he noticed a certain haughty expression in his subordinate's face: "Pardon me, Monsieur; we had better not discuss this question now. Suppose you see me on the morrow."

"Willingly, Señor, and you will find my resolution unchangeable!" Rising as he spoke he bowed to his companions at table, and saying *Buenas noches!* good-night!" he passed from the saloon to the piazza. There he paused a moment, as if communing with himself, and then approaching the grass hammock where the sick boy was sleeping, he gently took the little fellow up in his arms. The child murmured, "Mama, mama!" and was borne away.

Captain Brand followed the Doctor with his searching, shark-like eyes until he had left the apartment, and there was something that denoted danger in the look; but he uttered no sound, and, placing a finger on his lip, he nodded meaningly to the Padre.

A moment after Babette brought in the steaming gumbo soup, and the Pirate's feast was nearly ended. Don Ignacio waited until his companions had swallowed a goodly portion of the grateful mess, when he too refreshed himself. Then making his salutations in his usual observant manner, he departed. He declined, however, the offer of his host's society to his boat, saying he had, he knew, half a dozen of the felucca's crew outside the building to guard his footsteps, and he would not put the Capitano to the trouble.

When the Padre rose to give his benediction to his patron, the Captain took him impressively by the rope which girded his cassock about the loins, and giving it a sharp jerk or two, he said:

"My Holy Father, I think we shall have a sad duty to perform to-morrow. Our old friend Gibbs has behaved badly, and I shall punish him. He is now in the Capella dungeon. After early mass go and console him."

The Padre returned a meaning smile, crossed himself, and slowly left the Pirate alone in his saloon.

QUASHY QUANDO.

Let me lay a detaining hand upon the skirts of the fast-retreating past, and chronicle a few of the sayings and doings of Quashy Quando.

Of my hero's parentage and ancestry I can say nothing, for they are involved in obscurity as black as his own skin; and in this connection his biographer can only vouch to two facts—viz., that his birth-place was the Guinea Coast of Africa, and that he had a mother; for in his softer moments old Quashy would often tell of the hot summer morning when his "mammy," placing a calabash in his hand, bade the little naked urchin bring her some cool water from the spring; and how he, hastening upon his errand, reached the fountain, stooped, and was about to dip his gourd in the clear water, when he started at the sight of a fierce bearded face reflected up into his own, and turned to find himself in the grasp of a kidnapper.

"Poor ole mammy done wait long 'nough for dat yere cal'bash o' water!" Quashy would add, with a sigh, as he finished the simple story.

Brought across the ocean, the little fellow (who had been upon the passage treated more as a plaything than a slave) was sold to the head of a New England family (for this was while slavery was tolerated at the North), who bestowed upon him the name of Julius Cæsar; but whether from doubt of his own ability to support this illustrious cognomen, or from attachment to the name of his infancy, the wild little barbarian would never reply to either command, summons, or request made in this name, but would sit or stand staring at vacancy with a stolid expression of indifference on his uncouth features, or at most with a sullen twitch of the shoulders, defying alike coercion or flattery. But let the summons be changed to "Quashy," and the perverse little creature would spring to obey with pleased alacrity. So the point was finally conceded; and although the experiment was occasionally resumed during the course of his long life, it was always with the same result.

Quashy did not love work, and infinitely preferred basking at full length in the July sun to hoeing corn. This peculiarity occasionally brought him into difficulty, and on one occasion was made the subject of severe comment by his master, who was a physician in good practice. Quashy listened patiently to the lecture, and when it was finished, asked, dryly,

"Work so good for nigger, why no good for white man? Why you no work, massa?"

"I! I do work, Quashy—I work hard."

"What work you do, massa? You no hoe corn."

"No, I don't hoe corn; but I work, Quashy—I do head-work," replied the good-natured Doctor.

"Head-work—oh yes, I know him; he berry hard tink," suggested the other, with a look of intelligence; and shouldering his hoe, marched off to his labors.

Later in the day my ancestor, returning from his round of visits, passed his corn-field, and beheld Quashy seated on a great stone, his chin resting on his two palms, reveling in the full heat of the noontide sun.

"Hillo, you lazy fellow!" shouted the Doctor. "Why ain't you at work?"

"Am, massa; hard to work; doin' head-work."

"Head-work, you fool! What head-work are you doing?"

"Tell'ee, massa. See dem two blackbirds on big apple-tree?"

"Yes, I see them, boy."

"Well, massa, I tinkin' 'pose I trow stone an' kill one bird, how many bird be lef' on tree. 'Pose massa can tell right off?"

"Certainly, you simpleton. There would be one left. Couldn't you tell that for yourself?"

"Hi! hi! hi!" laughed Quashy, rolling on the ground in ecstasy. "Poor nigger do head-work better dan white gemman! Dere be none lef', massa, 'cause t'oder fly away!"

Some years later, Quashy, returning from the field one evening, was informed by Venus, the black cook, that Miss Patty had got a beau, and that they were "sparking" in the "square room."

"'Pose you kerry in dis yer armful of wood, Quash," continued she, "an' take a look at the gemman?"

Quashy accepted the errand, and after a short absence returned to the kitchen with an approving expression on his broad black face.

"Berry good-lookin' young massa," reported he. "What he name, Venus?"

"Name Lord, ole man; come all de way from Bosson."

"Dat him? Now, Venus, dis nigger *is* tickled—tickled mos' a def to tink de Lord get one o' massa chillen, for I swear I 'fraid de debbil get all 'e res'!"

Another of Quashy's witticisms was perpetrated upon a brother of his master's, one of those careless genial individuals, nobody's enemy but their own, who usually win more love than respect from their inferiors and dependents.

This gentleman standing in his door-way one day observed Quashy staggering by with a great bag upon his back, and evidently a little the worse for liquor.

"Hillo, Quashy, what have you got in your bag that makes you reel about the street so? What's your load?"

"Load, Massa Billy?" repeated Quashy, without looking up or pausing, "load 'nough for sartin, but 'taint nuffin you need begrutch to an ole nigger; 'taint nuffin but rheumaty an' poverty, an you got heaps o' dem yer a'ready."

Another of Quashy's repartees was at the expense of a certain Judge Payne, a gentleman more celebrated for the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*.

Standing on the steps of the court-house in company with some other lawyers, the judge was saluted by Quashy, who was passing, with the query,

"How you do, Massa Payne; tell an ole nigger what's de las' news goin'?"

"News?" growled the judge, surlily, "news is that the devil's dead."

"Ah, is dat so? Dead, poor fellow; well I know he been in *Payne* dis long time, but I nebber know he dead," remarked Quashy, with an air of great concern, as he passed quietly on.

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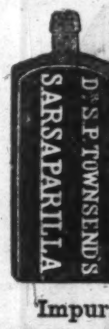

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